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From a portrait by White

JANE COWL

This popular actress is now appearing in a new fantastic comedy entitled "Smilin' Through", in which she plays not only an emotional role, but one full of humor and whimsicality

THE OLD COMEDIES

Plays which delighted our grandfathers, none of which are familiar to present day theatregoers

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IT was in 1863 that Wallack's Theatre moved uptown from Broadway and Broome Street to Broadway and 13th Street and that the management of the company passed from the hands of James W. Wallack to that of his son, Lester Wallack. In 1880 Wallack's Theatre made another migration from Broadway and 13th Street to Broadway and 30th Street; and in this third and final home the company failed to find itself as attractive as it had been when it was lower downtown. Lester Wallack had to relinquish its management; and he was glad to accept as a provision for his declining years the proceeds of an all-star performance of "Hamlet" given for his benefit with Edwin Booth as Hamlet and with Joseph Jefferson as the First Gravedigger.

It was just forty years ago while the company was still in its second home, at Broadway and 13th Street, that Lester Wallack made a remark to me which helped to explain why his enterprise came to grief not long after it had been transplanted to Broadway and 30th Street. He declared rather plaintively that the management of a theatre in New York was in 1879 far more difficult than it had been in his father's time. "We used to bring out the latest London success," he told me, "and to revive the 'old comedies', and with a play now and then from Dion (Boucicault) or from John (Brougham), we got through the season very well. But I don't really know what people now want."

It was because he did not know what the people of New York wanted that he had to give up the management of his theatre and to accept a benefit performance arranged for him by his friendly rivals, Augustin Daly and A. M. Palmer. Although he had been born in New York Lester Wallack was always proud to consider himself an Englishman. So it was that he remained an alien in the city of his birth, unresponsive to the shifting currents of American life and unaware that the playgoers of New York were slowly surrendering their former habit of colonial dependence upon London. Wallack was so insistently English that he never found himself at home in an American part in an American play;—and possibly he may have felt that he was not really qualified to pass on the merits of a drama dealing with the life of this country. Brougham and Boucicault—Irishmen both—had each of them a far better understanding of American likes and dislikes than Wallack had, although such an understanding is, of course, absolutely necessary to the manager of a New York theatre.

HIS more energetic rivals in management, Daly and Palmer, often outbid him for the control of "the latest London success", and they also made direct arrangements to control the latest Paris success, whereas Wallack waited until this French piece had been transmogrified into a British piece, almost as foreign to the traditions of the American people as the French original had been. In time "Dion" and "John" ceased to supply him with occasional new plays. So it was

that he was reduced to the third of his three sources of supply, the "old comedies". In so doing he was for a while secure from rivalry, although Daly was soon to become a vigorous competitor in this field which Wallack had long thought to be his exclusive property.

What were these "old comedies" that Wallack mentioned airily and with assurance that his hearer would know exactly what he meant? I can see how the youthful playgoer of to-day might be completely puzzled if called upon to explain this term, perfectly familiar to playgoers who were youthful two score years ago. I can hear this youthful playgoer of to-day asking for a catalogue of these "old comedies" and for a list of their authors. And I can imagine him wondering also why it is that he has never had a chance to see these "old comedies" which delighted the lovers of the acted drama in the days of his grandfather. These are reasonable questions; and they deserve to be answered one after another.

THE "old comedies," so called, are a selected group of successful plays which had been produced in the eighteenth century, most of them (although a few first saw the light of the lamps in the first half of the nineteenth century) and which had survived on the stage, being acted at irregular intervals at the Haymarket Theatre in London, at Wallack's and later at Daly's Theatre in New York, and at the Boston Museum. Curiously enough, no one of Shakespeare's humorous pieces, lovely comedies and lively farces, were included in the catalogue of the so-called "old comedies", although they were a century older than the youngest of these "old comedies"; and no one of the comic plays of Shakespeare's contemporaries, no comedy of humors by Ben Jonson, no dramatic romance by Beaumont and Fletcher, was regularly enrolled in this special repertory. And, what is even more curious, no one of the comedies of the Restoration, no brilliant and brutal satire by Congreve or Wycherley, no ingenious intrigue by Vanbrugh or Farquhar, had been able to keep the stage and to demand inclusion in this rigorous selection from out the comic masterpieces of the English drama. It may be noted, in a parenthesis, that Daly did revive two of Farquhar's amusing plays, the "Recruiting Officer" and the "Inconstant", and also Garrick's "Country Girl", an ingeniously deodorized adaptation of Wycherley's "Country Wife", but these revivals were due to Daly's own taste and no one of these three bold and brisk pieces could claim admission to the recognized group of "Old Comedies".

Now, if this group did not include any of the humorous pieces of the Elizabethan, Jacobean and Restoration dramatists, what plays did it contain? And no two students of stage-history would agree on the answer to this question. No council was ever empowered to regulate the canon and to prepare a final list of the comic dramas demanding inclusion. The repertory of the Haymarket was not exactly the same as that

of Wallack's, which in its turn did not coincide absolutely with that of the Boston Museum. Yet it is safe to say that every student of stage-history would be likely to put on his list most of the plays which I now venture to include in mine. I find fifteen plays produced in the eighteenth century which I feel compelled to catalogue as truly "old comedies":—

Gibber's "She Would and She Would Not" (1703).

Mrs. Centlivre's "Busybody", (1709).

Mrs. Centlivre's "Wonder", (1717).

Garrick's "High Life Below Stairs", (1759).

Colman's "Jealous Wife", (1761).

Footes's "Liar", (1762).

Garrick and Colman's "Clandestine Marriage", (1766).

Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer", (1773).

Sheridan's "Rivals", (1775).

Sheridan's "School for Scandal", (1777).

Sheridan's "Critic" (1779).

Mrs. Cowley's "Belle's Strategem", (1780).

Holcroft's "Road to Ruin", (1792).

O'Keefe's "Wild Oats", (1794).

Colman the Younger's "Heir at Law" (1797).

THIS list calls for two immediate comments. First, only two of these plays have been acted in any New York theatre in the past score years, that is to say, in the twentieth century; and therefore playgoers under forty have not had the opportunity of seeing any of the others performed by a professional company. Second, every one of these plays was acted in New York during the final forty years of the nineteenth century, some of them being produced at different times by different companies in different theatres. For example, I have had the pleasure in the course of a half-century of playgoing of attending performances of the "School of Scandal" at Wallack's, at Niblo's, at the Union Square and at two different Daly's theatres.

Perhaps a third comment is warranted,—to the effect that my catalogue of "old comedies" includes specimens of almost every subdivision of the comic drama. The "School for Scandal" is the foremost example in English of what has been called "high-comedy", the humorous play in which character is more important than story and of which the plot is caused by the clash of character. "She Would and She Would Not" is a vivacious comedy-of-intrigue; and so is the "Belle's Strategem". The "Jealous Wife" in some of its situations, and the "Road to Ruin" also, are almost too serious to be classed as comic dramas. The "Critic" and "High Life Below Stairs" are frankly farces, bustling with business and charged with high spirits. Even the "Rivals" and "She Stoops to Conquer" reveal themselves as closely akin to farce, in so far as their respective actions are not caused spontaneously by the volition of the characters, but are arbitrarily brought about by the author himself, visibly pulling the wires which control the movements of his puppets. Probably it was the excessive laudation



From a photograph by Francis Bruguière

Augustin Duncan as Kurano and Henry Travers as Hasama. In this Japanese drama Masefield has used as his material the familiar Japanese legend of the Ronin. It is a play of great spirit and beauty,—of the revenge of the righteous against the oppressor.

MASEFIELD'S "THE FAITHFUL" PRODUCED BY THE THEATRE GUILD

bestowed on these two more or less farcial pieces of Sheridan and Goldsmith which led Sir Arthur Pinero to formulate his satiric definition: "A comedy is a farce—by a deceased author."

Possibly a fourth comment may be appended although it must be apologized for as a doubtful digression. In my list the "Liar" is credited to Samuel Foote, because it could not very well be credited to any other author. But when it was last acted in New York, the text used was a revision by Lester Wallack of an earlier condensation by Charles James Mathews. Moreover Foote's own play was an adaptation of Corneille's "Menteur"—an adaptation more or less influenced by an earlier version of the French piece, Steele's "Lying Lover". To go still further back, Corneille had taken his story from a Spanish original, the "Verdad Sospiciosa" by Alarcon. And we may bring to an end this summary record of the strange adventures of a plot by setting down the fact that Alarcon, although a Spaniard, had been born in Mexico. So we can, if we so choose, claim the "Liar" in all its many transformations, as the earliest play to be written by a native American.

To these fifteen comedies originally produced in the eighteenth century, we may add seven plays produced in the first three score years of the nineteenth century:—

- Tobin's "Honeymoon", (1805).
- Knowles' "Hunchback", (1832).
- Knowles' "Love Chase", (1837).
- Bulwer's "Money", (1840).
- Boucicault's "London Assurance", (1841).

Boucicault's "Old Heads and Young Hearts", (1844).

Reade and Taylor's "Masks and Faces" often called "Peg Woffington", (1852).

TO the best of my recollection no one of these nineteenth century pieces has been seen on the New York stage since the twentieth century began.

I have no right to assume that any other theatregoer of fifty years of experience would select exactly these twenty-two plays as being the "old comedies"; but I make bold to believe that my selection includes all the pieces which demand to be grouped together as the "old comedies."

(To be concluded in the next issue).

SHAKESPEARE SPELLS RUIN NO LONGER

Sothorn and Marlowe play to \$100,000 in New York and pack the house at every performance



OFTEN a saying by the sheer force of its wit becomes widely accepted as an undeniable truth. One of these aphorisms tossed off in a moment of defeat, has gained a universal currency. It is that "Shakespeare Spells Ruin."

It was an English manager who gave it utterance and it was some fifty years ago that it fell from his lips. When the public has asked why they might not have more of the offerings of the immortal bard, the commercial manager has ever replied: "Nothing doing. The Swan of Avon means bankruptcy."

How fallacious is such a reasoning is borne out by the fact that during the recent four weeks' engagement at the Shubert when Sothorn and Marlowe presented "Hamlet," "Twelfth Night" and "The Taming of the Shrew," the receipts totalled more than \$100,000. And they would have been even in excess of that had the theatre been larger, for every night was the house sold out.

When the box office takes in \$25,000 a week ruin is more than remote. If the management of the Metropolitan Opera House were to entrust the leading roles to singers of the comic opera type it goes without saying that the vogue for grand opera would speedily decline. Square pegs in round holes will always spell failure in any line of artistic activity.

In the matter of Shakespeare there will never be a strenuous demand if its magnificent roles are not taken up by those competent to deal with their exquisite poetry and valiant emotions. When F. B. Chatterton gave voice to his pessimistic wail the English legitimate stage was in a state of slump. The giants Kean, Cooke and Macready had passed away, the new breed or rather younger, save in the case of Samuel Phelps, were incompetent to equal or surpass the glorious remembrances of the past.

This country has gone through a similar era. With the deaths of Booth, Barrett and Modjeska

a big gap was made in the last of those capable of brilliantly carrying on the Shakespearian tradition. When they did our stage was in a state of transition. Stock companies were giving way to stars in particular repertoires and managers were making special productions. The practical schools, of experience were dying out. The demand for actors who could play anything was on the wane; the exponent of type was in demand. So it came about that with the passing of the Titans there were few young ones left to read verse with becoming beauty or who were capable of prospecting the grand manner with either conviction or distinction. Something similar in England followed with the eclipse of Irving.

STILL there were a few on both sides of the Atlantic to keep the legitimate fires burning. Here Mantell is still in the field with a leading man in the person of Fritz Lieber capable of taking up his mantle when the veteran himself shall see fit to doff it. Walter Hampden by his promise in "Hamlet" gives heart for the immediate present, but of those in toga and buskin Edward H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe still command the widest appeal.

Far be it from me to stir up any domestic or professional jealousy, but of the twin stars to me the female luminary is by far the most brilliant. She was born so. Marlowe has all the attributes of dramatic distinction. She was born to the theatrical purple. With the aid of natural attributes, proper training and genuine disposition she gracefully and naturally fits into the Shakespearian roles she is called on to play. It's vocation with her; and the product shows that a trained master mind has been at work in the conception and realization of her creations.

Sothorn's success in the legitimate field has been attained by sheer work. Although in his early professional career he acted with McCullough, Sothorn by heredity and instinct is a comedian. For overpowering success Southern lacks flu-

idity and flexibility of both speech and action. It is indeed remarkable that with such a really limited number of notes in his voice that he is able to act long didactic roles with the effect that he does. His Hamlet is a consistent, carefully thought-out conception of the Moody Dane. It is no inspired effort, it wants that wonderful undercurrent of true poetry mingled with a certain sense of humor that are the foundations of something approaching a true realization of this mighty role.

But Sothorn is always dignified and princely. His Petruchio, I like least of all of his parts. It's hard and modern. Petruchio particularly needs a broad and slashing type to accompany the shrew tamer's ironic poetical wit. In Malvolio, Sothorn is at his best. Beneath the skin of this egoist there is something of the spirit of Don Quixote and the placid plaintive methods of the actor bear with particular value on his rendering.

THE exquisite quality of Marlowe's voice is an asset that sets forth to fine expression the qualities of her commanding technic. In her person Viola lives again, Ophelia is embodied and the truculent Katharine swaggers, dominates and capitulates in the varying tones of bravado, command and feminine acquiescence.

Well do they deserve at the hands of their followers, but in a spirit far from captious I would there had been more of finish to their production; and that some parts had been more judiciously cast. But their new method of setting—the Livingston Platt method—a more or less fixed background which, by the shifting of set-pieces in new combinations, supplied all the necessary illusion with a smart saving in time is to be highly commended.

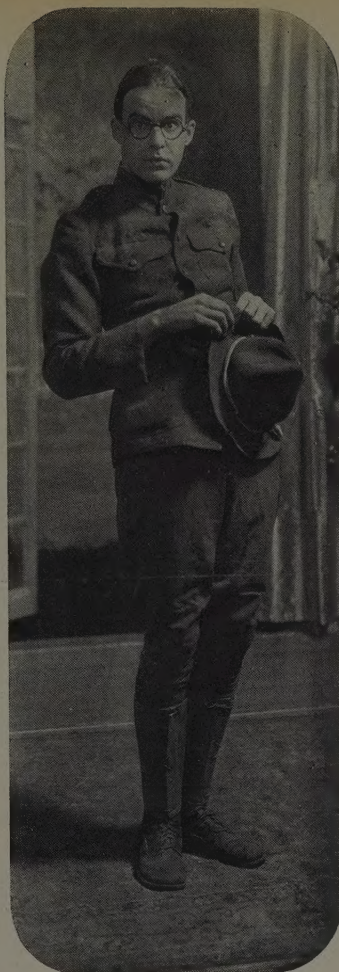
Winter is at hand, but the spring will come, and with its birds and flowers will Sothorn and Marlowe return to make familiar to Metropolitan ears the glorious music and romance of the Shakespearian line. I predict they will be welcome.

EDWARD FALES COWARD.



Glenn Hunter Helen Hayes

Bobby and Cora Wheeler, brother and sister of sixteen and seventeen respectively, indulge in their usual spat



Photos White

Alfred Lunt as Clarence—the drafted soldier who never got to France



Helen Hayes Glenn Hunter Elsie Mackay

Trying to discover Clarence's real surname, the trio go through the mail carefully



Alfred Lunt

Elsie Mackay

Glenn Hunter

Helen Hayes

Mary Boland

John Flood

Cora invites Clarence to sit on the sofa across the room with her

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S COMEDY "CLARENCE" GOOD FUN

IN THE SPOT- LIGHT



Moffett

CORA WITHERSPOON, who played the vivacious young wife in "She Would and She Did," is a native of New Orleans and was under the tutelage of Leo Ditrichstein for the duration of "The Concert," "The Temperamental Journey" and "The Matinee Hero." His chief dramatic dictum she says is a paradox: "Don't act." He insists upon a naturalness for nothing. Miss Witherspoon's knowledge of smart life is apparent in the true picture she draws of a pleasure-loving, die-for-a-friend, young woman in the exclusive set of a Long Island community.



White

MARGALO GILMORE

WHO is Margalo?" She is the little daughter of Frank Gilmore with a skin full of talent, as good looking as both her parents, and has won the talent of both. She is the bewitching girl who played the youngest daughter of George Washington Silver in "Up From Nowhere," and heard eight times a week from the star, Norman Trevor: "Go to the nursery, Etta." Little Miss Gilmore, aged eighteen, thinks she is far indeed from the nursery. For hasn't she been on the stage two years?



White

JAMES BRADBURY

YOU think the Yankees are solemn-faced descendants of the Pilgrim fathers? Most of them are; but there's a super comic exception. He is James Bradbury, the Cyrus Pond of "A Regular Feller." Mr. Bradbury is a son of Hollis, Maine. They say there's a fine for smiling in that town and that Mr. Bradbury had to pay so many daily fines that he left the town for the mines of Colorado. He decided that since persons laughed at him anyway they might better pay for the privilege and he went on the stage.

MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



PLAYHOUSE. "PALMY DAYS," Comedy drama in three acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced on October 27 with this cast:

Sweeney	John Robb
Mrs. Curley	Lillian Dix
Big Lil	Eugenie Campbell
Jose	Alexis M. Polianov
Bud Farrell	Harry D. Southard
Leavenworth	Thomas Walsh
Texas	Emmet Shackelford
Kaintuck	Wilton Lackaye
Red Morgan	George Spaulding
Davy Woodford	George Le Guere
The Cricket	Genevieve Tobin
The Queen	Mattie Keene
Robinson	Edward J. Guhl
Fargo Bill	Olaf Skavlan
One-Eyed Conover	Edgar M. Woolley
Mrs. Woodford	Grace Reals

TO my mind, even an imitation whiff of the balsamic odors of the great west (time 1849, scene California) is preferable to the effete exhalations of musk and patchouli now emanating from the plethora of boudoir farces at present obtaining. I say advisedly "imitation," for it is not in my heart to accept too seriously Augustus Thomas' latest play which he calls "Palmy Days."

The types which Bret Harte originally drew with such vital freshness and human truth in those historic sketches of California's golden era are herein reproduced. I doubt if there is a single character in Thomas' dramatis personae whose counterpart is not to be found in the Hartian roster. Further, we must remember that since he wrote there have been innumerable replicas of his art. "M'liss, Sue, Girl of the Golden West," and the string of Wild and Woolly West dramas that used to play such a part in the ten, "twenty and thirtys," are all echoes of his picturesque art. The stuff was in California in 1849; but it was Bret Harte, poet, author, and consul, who made it originally vivid and enduring.

"Palmy Days" is conventional, to say the least, but Mr. Thomas is an experienced workman and his play is well knit and well balanced as to sentiment and humor. The central character, Kaintuck, is one of those bluff burly characters, with a heart of gold, who always dominate in mining camps. Although of good family, Kaintuck was a failure as an actor and became a dresser for

Edwin Forrest. Scandal smirched the name of his wife and he fled to the West to forget. Finally, the deserted wife and the daughter he had never seen, turn up as strolling players. The daughter, called the Cricket, the sort that Lotta was in her early days, is pursued honorably by Kaintuck's youthful partner and dishonorably by Bud Farrell, a gambler of the Oakhurst type. Of course, she gets the right one, Kaintuck acknowledges her, and magnanimously endows the wife and allows her to continue as the wife of a stroller, who had married her in ignorance of the fact that Kaintuck was still alive.

Lackaye in his role was excellent; his professional wife was depicted with humor and truth by Mattie Keene, while a very simple, engaging and utterly untheatrical rendering of the daughter was given by Genevieve Tobin. A real sketch of character, to my mind the best acting in the piece, was contributed by Thomas Walsh, as a miner. Rollo Peters scenery was nicely appropriate and subordinate.

HARRIS. "WEDDING BELLS," Comedy in three acts by Salisbury Field. Produced on November 12 with this cast:

Fuzisaki	George Burton
Reginald Carter	Wallace Eddinger
Jackson	John Harwood
Spencer Wells	Percy Ames
Douglas Ordway	Clark Silvernail
Mrs. Hunter	Mrs. Jacques Martin
Marcia Hunter	Jessie Glendenning
Rosalie	Margaret Lawrence
Hooper	Maud Andrew

WEDDING BELLS" could chime for us again, and still find us in the mood to enjoy its clean comedy, its gingery epigrams, its wholesome philosophy, and, above all, its intelligent and sincere portrayal by a cast which appreciates the value of restrained acting of farce-comedy rôles.

Salisbury Field's new comedy is a distinct success—the sort of play that amuses, entertains, and satisfies without having to resort to risqué jokes, the introduction of twin beds or boudoir scenes to evoke applause. There isn't a single naughty wife in the play, nor a husband with threadbare morals, nor a perplexing triangle, nor a shadow of an unpleas-

ant sex problem. It must be admitted that the divorce Spectre runs rampant through the scintillant three acts of joyousness, but it stays well in the background.

These days when plots are ruthlessly cut out of comedies like appendixes from unprotesting human beings, an all-wool-yard-wide plot is welcomed hungrily by the theatre-going public. "Wedding Bells" actually has a plot. It has to do with a piquant, little divorcee who, still loving her former husband, and learning that he is soon to marry a kittenish bit of fluff, concentrates her efforts on smashing all the wedding plans, only to find that the little kitten shakes a wicked claw.

Wallace Eddinger, the bridegroom, looks less like an actor, and walks and talks less like one, than any man we have ever seen behind the footlights. In this naturalness lies his great charm and effectiveness. He is no sleek, over-groomed, perfect male being. He is like any Mr. Brown or Mr. Jones you meet in real life. He occasionally does awkward things like other male humans; he doesn't always enunciate perfectly, but munches and spurts forth his words as do many other normal, emotional males under certain circumstances, and his mannerisms aren't the stilted, over-rehearsed, cut and dried movements of a puppet. Because of all these subtle qualities, he is admirably suited to the role of the flustered, irresponsible, undiplomatic bridegroom, who realizes at the fatal eleventh hour that he is entering into an alliance with a woman he does not love.

As the slightly malicious, and designing, but thoroughly magnetic divorcee, Margaret Lawrence is decidedly appealing.

John Harwood, as an English servant addicted to marrying, without troubling to sever previous matrimonial ties; Percy Ames, as the débonair bachelor friend of the bridegroom, who clings fondly to his freedom; Clark Silvernail, a starry-eyed poet, who makes love in a lyrical fashion; Mrs. Jacques Martin, the petulant mother of the "ewe lamb," Jessie Glendenning, the bride-to-be, who is a bit too sophisticated in appearance to speak in the lisping childish treble she af-

fects; and Maude Andrew, an English maid, who has the masculine outlook on life, support Miss Lawrence and Mr. Eddinger, and their excellent teamwork leaves nothing for improvement.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "THE LOST LEADER." Play in three acts by Lennox Robinson. Produced on November 12 with this cast:

Augustus Smith	Hugh Huntley
Lucius Lenihan	Frank Conroy
Mary Lenihan	Mae Melvin
James Powell-Harper	Robt. T. Haines
Frank Ormsby	Frank Compton
Peter Cooney, J. P.	J. M. Kerrigan
Kate Buckley	Ruth Boyd
James Clancy	Edw. O'Connor
Major White, J. P.	Arthur Barry
Michael O'Connor	Frederick Arthur
Thomas Houlihan	Joseph Macaulay
Long John Flavin	Eric Maxon
First Man	John Ahearn
Second Man	Theodore A. Doucet

HARDLY a better play could have been written with the purpose, idea and material than "The Lost Leader," by Lennox Robinson, now seen at the Greenwich Village Theatre. It is admirable in its simplicity, its tone and its craftsmanship. It may be described as spiritually effective in spite of the absence of the reality of fact. A certain predisposition of racial and political sentiment is no doubt required for the full measurement of its qualities. But without that it remains impressive to the most casual theatregoer.

That Charles Parnell, after his obscurity by a social scandal, effaced himself, that his grave did not hold his body, and that he still lived, became a legend. The action of the play opens at a small inn in an obscure village in Ireland at which lives the bent old man, gentle and dignified, distinctly not of the peasantry. In the more or less idle talk in the smoking room the subject of mind control is brought up, an attempt is made to bring a young newspaper correspondent under its influence, and incidentally the old man is made the subject. Incidentally, as such, he denies that he is Lucius Lenihan. "That is not my name. I am Charles Stuart Parnell."

This revelation sets into movement the activities of the play. Parnell alive again is urged to be himself. The doubts and difficulties involved in the situation constitute the action. Factional commotion sets in. In the last act, when some of Parnell's associates are coming to identify him, the scene of locality being an impressive one, in a twilight at the Standing Stones of Knockpatrick. There is a

brawl and Parnell is killed by a blow from a stick not wielded, let us hope, with murderous intent. Naturally, it ends the play at the same time. It also prevents Parnell from giving his solution of the difficulties of his unhappy land. The dramatic treatment throughout gives the sense of reality during the performance at least.

Frank Conroy, as Parnell, is masterful in the impression made by his acting. He might have overcome inadequate production, otherwise, to some extent, but in every way there was a co-operation of very notable intelligence and fitness. But fact could not be made of the fable. Nevertheless, "The Lost Leader," as a production and a performance, may be counted on as one of the most worthy stage achievements seen here in many days. The production is by William Harris, Jr., who has taken over the theatre.

SHUBERT. "THE MAGIC MELODY." Musical play in a prologue and two acts. Book and lyrics by Frederic Arnold Kummer, music by Sigmund Romberg. Produced on November 11 with this cast:

Prince Vladimir	Robert Bentley
Lady Chester	Aileen Poe
Capt. Arthur Stanley	Chas. Purcell
Isabel de Vernon	Renee Delting
Richard Palmer Adams	Earl Benham
Mrs. Fishbacker	Flavia Arcaro
Sophie (her daughter)	Carmel Myers
Sir Reggie Chester	Tom McNaughton
Lulu	Dorothy Wallace
Clúclu	Marie McConnell
Madame Jessonda	Miss Julia Dean
Marquis de Vernon	Emile de Varny
Fifine	Bertee Beaumonte
Melody of Dance	Lois Leigh
Lola Winwood	Fay Marbe
Anita	Jeannette Kahn
Teresa	Adele Freeman
Salvatore	Walter Armin
Pietro	Gus Stevenson
Antonio	Louis Morrell
Beppino	Master Billie Roth
Postman	Jack Manning
Bianca	Jean Rebera
Maria	Nellie Crawford

A GLITTERING entertainment of the "made on Broadway" variety is "The Magic Melody," the new musical play done by Frederic Arnold Kummer and Sigmund Romberg. "What the public wants" is doled out with unstinting hand. Good numbers (musical and feminine), gorgeous trappings, and a well chosen cast combine to overcome the defects of an unhumorous book.

"The Magic Melody" has something of a plot. A well staged prologue narrates the story of Gianina, a Sicilian wife whose husband leaves her upon finding her in the

arms of a lover, taking their young son with him. Gianina, upon whom the attentions of the lover have been forced against her will swears vengeance against the lover and his family. Twenty years pass. Act 1 finds Gianina Kentucky-feuding a few of her ex-lover's relatives. At a great ball given in the home of one of the latter she meets her son, now grown up into a splendid young fellow, his hair having turned quite blonde. She recognizes him as he is singing "Gianina," a love ballad composed by his father and dedicated to his mother long ago. *Il va sans dire* that her boy is enamoured of a lass belonging in the enemy camp and that mother has to forget and forgive, which she does, with a Warfield movement of the chin.

All of which is usual stuff and the comedy that goes with it is of the most manufactured variety. Julia Dean as Gianina makes an emotional role of her part. After all it must be a hard fate for a dramatic non-singing artist to be thrown with the "musical show crowd." Duse herself could accomplish little if at some supreme moment her leading man burst into some such ditty as "Down by the Nile" and interrupted the thread of the action in order to exhibit a set of nice new Egyptian shimmies.

"The Magic Melody" is splendidly staged and Willy Pogany deserves credit for designing three excellent scenes, not to mention a host of pretty costumes. Especially noteworthy were some of his head-dresses, as fine as I've seen here or in Paris where the palm for that sort of thing usually goes.

Charles Purcell pleases as Captain Arthur Stanley, the long lost son, and Tom McNaughton gets the maximum effect out of the weak lines that are given him. The feminine parts are adequately sung, but there is no conspicuous work. Fay Marbe displays a well-filled, handsome pair of onyx in a neat *pas seul*.

CRITERION. "On the Hiring Line." Comedy in three acts by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. Produced with this cast:

Mrs. Billy Capron	Minna Gombell
Ritchie	Sidney Toler
Mrs. Ritchie	Josephine Hall
Billy Capron	Robert Hudson
Sherman Fessenden	Cyril Scott
Dorothy Fessenden (his daughter)	Vivian Tobin
Steve Mack	Donald Gallaher
Mrs. Sherman Fessenden	Laura Hope Crews
Ronnie Oliver	John Blair

(Continued on page 424)



Charlotte Fairchild



Victor Georg

MARY NEWCOMBE

Who is Mrs. Robert Edeson, proved in "First is Last" that she has a rare gift for comedy



Abbe

(Circle)

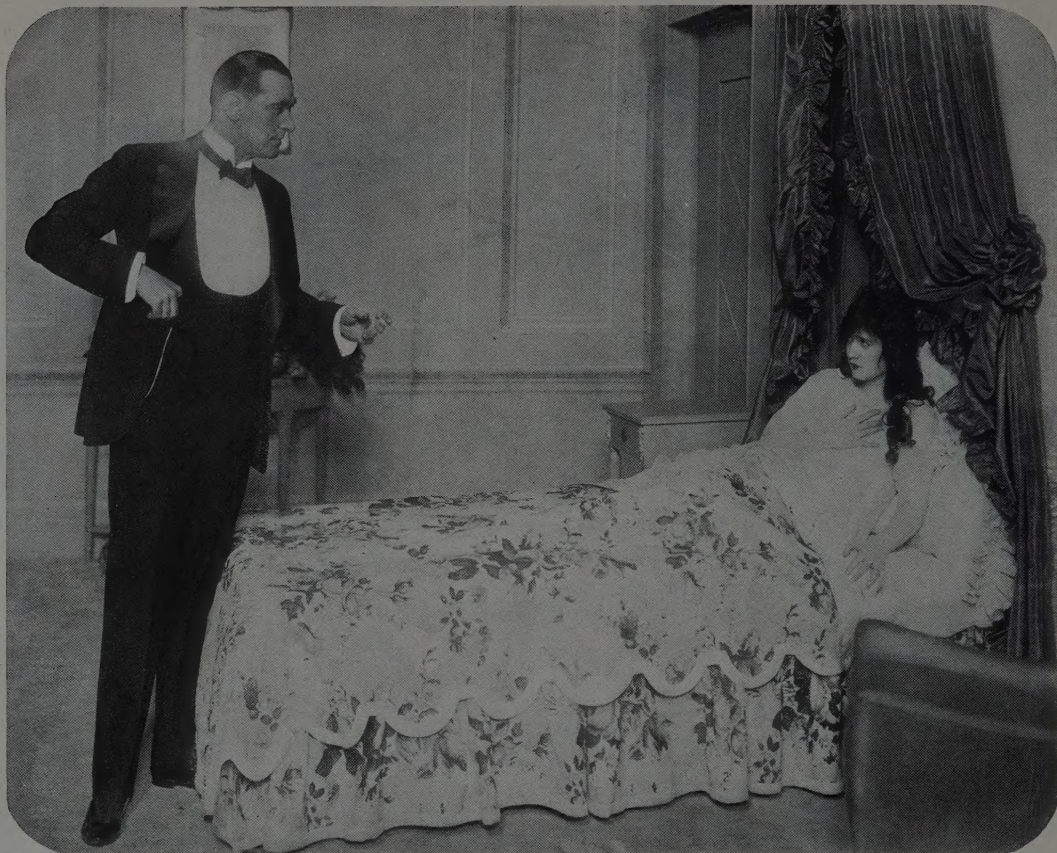
PHOEBE FOSTER

This charming and sympathetic young actress played a leading rôle in "First is Last" with her customary skill

(Left)

ELISE BARTLETT

Remembered for her vivacity in "Please Get Married" has scored again in this new play of student life at Columbia College



Photos White

Charles Cherry

Francine LaRimore

Pelham Franklin (Mr. Cherry)—"If you and I were alone on an island and there was no chance of ever returning to civilization, I would build a hut for you at the furthest end of the island and treat you as if you were a man."—a scene in "Scandal" at the 39th St. Theatre



Ina Claire

Bruce McRae

During their champagne tete a tete, Jenny, the chorus girl, startles the uncle by revealing sensational episodes of her past life—one of the best scenes in "The Gold Diggers" at the Lyceum

HIGHLY SPICED FARE FOR BROADWAY



Photos White

Olive Tell and Glen Anders in
"Civilian Clothes" at the Morosco



James Rennie and Ruth Chatterton in "Moonlight
and Honeysuckle" at the Henry Miller Theatre



Elizabeth Hines and Charles Brown
in "See Saw" at the Cohan Theatre



A Quartette of pretty girls from
"Roly-Boly Eyes" at the Knickerbocker

ACTORS WHO WRITE PLAYS

*Experts in the mechanics of action but
deficient in grouping the underlying truths*

By WALTER A. LOWENBERG



IN spite of the obvious relationship between the art of playwriting and the art of acting, like the composition and performance of music, they are two very different arts, though undoubtedly a great talent for the one owes much of its inspiration and felicity of performance to the other. There are exceptional musicians who are also great composers, such as Kreisler, Paderewski, or Rachmaninoff, just as there are exceptional actors who have developed a great facility in writing plays. But in spite of the long list of illustrious names that may be marshalled to support the thoughtful compiler of musician-composers or actor-playwrights, it must be admitted that a combination of the talents is exceptional, and that the names gain lustre from this very fact.

Shakespeare, the greatest of playwrights, from all accounts was but a mediocre actor, though the most casual student of his plays soon realizes that much of their fascinating vitality arises from the poet's intimate knowledge of the theatre. That Shakespeare knew enough about acting to tell others how to act is strikingly exemplified in Hamlet's famous advice to the players:



SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: *I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.* . . .

"Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is (apart) from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure . . ."

Molière, the actor, is so intimately associated with Molière, the playwright, that the mind of the public has always conceived the great Frenchman as an eminent exponent of both arts. But it must be admitted that his contemporary fame rests more upon the ever freshly humorous acting quality of his plays than upon the traditions he established as the leading actor of the *Comédie Française*.

Coming down to more modern times, Sir Henry Irving left but faint impress of his art as a playwright upon the playgoing public, and

that chiefly through the moderate success of his collaboration with Tennyson on their poetic drama, "Thomas a'Becket."

The chief advantage that the actor-playwright has over his fellow-craftsmen is the realization of the oft-repeated dictum that plays nowadays are not written, but built, not written, but rewritten. A very amusing, yet highly instructive example of this was last exhibited at the Lambs' Gambol when Willie Collier undertook to rehearse a play called, truthfully enough, "Nothing But Cuts." When the stern father was confronted with his daughter's guilt, the would-be playwright had him exclaim: "What, my daughter," "Cut my daughter," dryly remarked Collier, "say: 'What?'"



THE actor, too, obtains an invaluable sense of the potentiality of the spoken word. He realizes that the dullest speech on the printed page can be made pregnant with meaning if placed in the hands of a skillful interpreter. He realizes that the slightest inflection of the voice, one way or the other, may make or mar the effectiveness of a line.

The actor-playwright learns many of the technical points of playbuilding merely by practical experience. Winchell Smith, one of the more successful men of the theatre, acted in the companies of the late Charles Frohman for ten years, from 1894 to 1904, and attributes much of his later success as a playwright to the things he learned to avoid, as an actor, as being theatrically ineffective. He learned, for instance, that on the stage it is impossible to make blindness comic or deafness pathetic. The fact that stage conversation is inaudible to one of the actors always strikes an audience as funny, no matter how pathetic the playwright has conceived the situation to be.



THE actor also learns by experience to time the mechanics of action so as to give an actor or actress time to change a costume if necessary. For instance, if an actor must change from business suit to full dress during the course of an act the actor-playwright knows just how many speeches must be written to consume sufficient time to allow the actor to make the change. He learns, too, the danger of long speeches in making the audience restless, and how short, tense speeches may work an audience up to a high degree of suspense.

Although the men and women who have won success as both actors and playwrights are exceptional, it is difficult in the case of some of these to determine whether they have been more successful as actors or as authors. There is William Gillette, for instance, who is the author of a dozen extraordinarily successful plays in which he has won great triumphs as a star. He is a notable example of a popular actor who was equally popular as a playwright.

Among the most successful of Mr. Gillette's plays were: "The Private Secretary," "Held by

the Enemy," "Secret Service," and "Sherlock Holmes," all of which are popular favorites with stock companies to this day. His income in royalties from some of the plays in which he made his earlier triumphs as a star amounts to many hundreds of dollars annually and helps to make him one of the few millionaire actors on the stage.

George M. Cohan also has earned an equal share of fame and fortune as an actor and a playwright. But while Mr. Cohan's musical plays have been entirely of his own making, he has nearly always elected to choose his dramas from material supplied by popular novelists. He is reported even now busy with dramatizations of Gellett Burgess's "Mrs. Hope's Husband" and Henry Sydnor Harrison's "Queed," the latter for the use of Grant Mitchell.

Mr. Cohan has been an actor since he was nine years old. He began writing plays before he was twenty, and has been producing them with great regularity for the past two decades. Many of Mr. Cohan's plays have received high critical praise, the first act of his "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" being considered a masterpiece of skillful dramatic exposition by such eminent critics as William Archer and Clayton Hamilton.



EDGAR SELWYN is a notable example of the successful actor-playwright, having written more than thirty plays, among which were several big financial successes. Like Gillette and Cohan, Selwyn early showed his propensities toward the theatre. He began to write plays before he was ten years old, and his greatest pleasure was to give backyard performances of these productions for which the price of admission was three pins.

Although he had written a considerable number of plays before he went on the stage, he was well-known as an actor before he became a successful dramatist. Among his earlier plays were "Father and Son," which he wrote for William Norris, and "Pierre of the Plains," in which he appeared as a star and which he now plans to revive for this season. The plays that really made his reputation as a dramatist were, "The Country Boy" and "Rolling Stones," both of which were subsequently filmed successfully for the movies. Thus does Selwyn multiply his profits.

Mrs. Selwyn, who is known to the playgoing public as Miss Margaret Mayo, has had a similar career to Edgar Selwyn. She has been writing plays for about twenty years and like Mr. Selwyn, has of late years become better known as a producer and a playwright than a player. Her first great hits were made with her dramatizations of "The Jungle" and "The Marriage of William Ashe." "Polly of the Circus" established her fame as a playwright, but in "Baby Mine" and "Twin Beds" she reached the high water mark of success.

Rachel Crothers is another highly successful actress-playwright, her "The Little Journey" and "39 East" being two (Concluded on page 420)



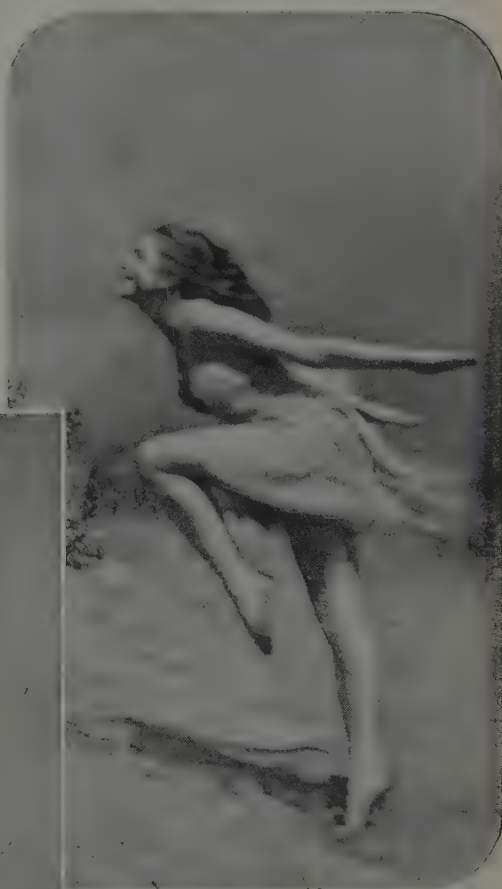
© James Wallace Pondelicek

The Spirit of the Waters

ANNA LUDMILLA, A GIFTED
PUPIL OF THE RUSSIAN
DANCER, OUKRAINSKY,
WHO MAY BECOME
THE AMERICAN PAVLOWA



© James Wallace Pondelicek



Photos Pondelicek

ANDREAS PAVLEY and Serge Oukrainsky, the newly-appointed directors of Cleofonte Campanini's Auditorium Theatre ballet forces, have resurrected the great god, Pan. Here is a page of proof. The two young Russians have founded the only out-door school of ballet dancing à la Russe in America, if not in the world. A big house, old-fashioned, roomy, and a

group of outlying cottages, hold the student colony of about seventy budding Pavlowas, at South Haven, Michigan, where

these pictures were taken. Work is the program every day from dewy dawn until lunch. Then, Pan and his court hold sway. There are wild gambols on lake and sward and sands, picnic parties, masked balls, raids on the kitchen, swimming, by the light of the stars...and.....dreams. Anna Ludmilla is a nymph. Some say she is going to be the American Pavlowa.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SONGS

*Melody the chief factor of success
in songs that have become famous*

By LEO FEIST



IF we had her diary, supposing that she kept one, we should certainly find that the first person who ever sang a popular song was the first mother of us all—old Mother Eve. She sang in the Garden. Yes, and afterwards. Old Adam did, too. Perhaps, indeed, it may have been he who started. I fancy, though, it was Eve.

Man sang melodies long before he could speak words. Ages before he could say, "Beautiful Katy, I love you; meet me by the kitchen door, when the moon shines on the cowshed!" he could coo it, and his meaning was as clear. Later, when Katy was late with the dinner, or the breakfast toast and coffee were cold, or his shirt collar stud rolled under the bed—or whatever they had for those things in those days—he could sing the other sort of song also without leaving Katy in any doubt about his having lost his nanny.

There never was a period when man was without song though at first his knowledge of themes and music would not have excited the envy of Schubert or Geo. M. Cohan. But he never failed to make his music—his melody—exactly fit and unmistakably express his meaning, the message he had to convey, not by articulate words, but simply by sounds.

When the use of words came into existence, much of man's natural gift of musical expression was gradually lost. No longer needed for daily converse, but only for the big special occasions—love-making, burials, dances, battles, or when the maid felt gay, or the old man lost his temper—song-talk went largely into the discard.



NOW what the primitive man did by instinct, and did perfectly, we have to do by art and therefore less surely. It is only when we reach somewhere up to that perfection in emotional expression which primitive man had as a gift from nature that we get a really successful song.

Music in its first and simple form—the expression of the emotions—is not an acquired art or a matter of culture. It is a natural instinct. The creation of music in the form of a melody for the purpose of stirring the emotions expressed by the music was also a natural instinct. But by his acquired intelligence man has covered up his instincts until they have become so buried beneath knowledge that only by art can they be rediscovered, and their faculty is so far lost through disuse that only through art can they now be utilized—except perhaps in the rare case of genius.

Until he is about a year or eighteen months old, man can still sing a perfect hunger song. After that he relies on words. Watch the crying of a baby. You will find that a baby instinctively varies its pitch according to whether it wishes to song-say: "I am hungry," "I am in pain," "I won't go to sleep just yet," or "I don't like to be left in the dark"—and every mother understands just what the difference in tone conveys. Listen for the terror and anger notes of a baby. They're every bit as different as Schubert himself would have made the melodies for songs on those two themes.

To get another view of man's most primitive song forms, used long before man had speech, listen to the voice of a dog. Instinctively a dog pitches his whine high and his growl low. When he wants to frighten you he uses the deep, low notes that sound full of power. When he wants to appeal he goes to the upper half, the plaintive half, of the register. You always know at once which of your emotions he is trying to stir up.

A few forms may yet be found which, I fancy, may be relics of man's age-old prehistoric songs—without words. Among them are the wordless lullabies that are world-wide as motherhood itself.



CROONING is another example. So is the yodeling of the Tyrol. But, perhaps the most striking of all is the "keening" still done, I believe, over the dead in parts of Ireland. No one who has ever heard this real old unearthly heartrending Gaelic dirge fails to grasp what tremendous beauty and power must have been possessed by the great old music that died with the days of instinct. They had the grip, the real soul grip, because they had to have it. They were so good, words were not necessary to make their meaning clear.

The trouble with words, even the last of them, always is that they limit imagination. The difficulty is to get the right ones—the ones that tell just enough to lift the imagination into flight. Sometimes mere meaningless syllables can be more effective than words.

No more remarkable song, judging by its stirring results, was ever written than "*Lilli Bullero*," the "*Marseillaise*" of the British 1688 Revolution. It was written by Lord Wharton and Purcell, the great composer, supplied the music. The chorus—and that was the real thing, the part that had the effect—was nothing but this strange repetition of flowing but meaningless made-up imitation words:

"*Lilli bullero, lilli bullero bullen a la,
"Lero lero, lilli bullero, lero lero bullen a la,
"Lero lero, lilli bullero, lero lero bullen a la!"*

Often we have choruses that are partly wordless, so far as actual words go. They are always extremely popular. Many of the finest old classic English folk-songs ended up into a string of such meaningless syllables as "*Tra la la ri ti di da*," which always went with great gusto whether in a comic ditty or patriotic ballad. The melody and manner of singing did all that words could have done—perhaps even more, for they not only leave the imagination free but excite it to action.



THOSE of us who can remember so far back will always smile with pleasant recollection as we recall how all the world and his sweetheart rather more than quarter of a century ago went crazy over "*Ta ra ra ra Boom tee ay*."

Words that are mere sound carriers without any sort of meaning of their own are immensely attractive to-day. We see this strikingly illus-

trated in the big popular hit made by "*Ja-Da*." There is something absolutely infectious in it. So again in "*Daa Dee Dum*," the latest great new melody song. Inexplicable as it may be, these apparently meaningless phrases are irresistible. May it not be that in some way they strike a memory chord, a something within our subconsciousness left there from the days when such lines were our daily, our only, talk?

Unquestionably man has within him a natural instinct for song. In my opinion it is a survival of that age-long but far, far back period when song was the only way in which he could express his emotions. It is in that natural instinct, and in the natural corollary of it, the instinctive swiftness of the reaction of his emotions to melody, that lies the whole psychology of song. The psychology of songs—the secret of the success of a song—lies simply in getting beneath man's artificial coating and digging down into his own real old self so that you reach his instincts and emotions.

For more than twenty years now it has been the pleasant business of my life to do my best to decide what are the songs the people want. I have had perhaps more than my share of success in judging correctly the humor of the moment—at least so the records of songland show. And yet I am still learning how to do it. Frequently as I have hit the mark, I can frankly say that I think the man has yet to be born who can do it every time.



SONG taste is something far deeper than a fad or fancy, passing whims like fashions in women's clothes. But whatever may be the secret of the psychology of songs of this, at any rate, I am sure, the name of the Main Street is Melody. The melody must be such that without need of help from the words, it expresses the idea conveyed by the words. The music itself must express the feeling and the thought. It must be built on the simple lines of the natural instinct formerly employed by man to convey his thoughts and used still by babies and animals—it must stir just that emotion that one wants to stir and no other.

Take Geo. M. Cohan's "*Over There*" as an example. There you have one of the most perfect songs ever written. The music tells the story. As you hear it you see the picture exactly as it was—young America girding itself with irresistible determination to end the war. The future historian with all the facts before him, all seen in their true proportions, will not be able to depict more correctly the spirit of 1917-1918 than it is drawn in this wonderful song—and he will never be able to make people feel it and live it as "*Over There*" enables them to feel it and live it.

Almost every day, sometimes several times a day I am asked, "Why don't the modern songs live?" Usually the tone of the question suggests at least a shade of reproach as if to say that the songs of to-day are inferior to the songs of old. I don't agree with that.

What would Schubert, the greatest of all great song writers, have (Continued on page 420)



Uncle Horace (Terdinand Gottschalk) discovers the substitute father (Otto Kruger) caressing his pseudo-daughter (Ruth Shepley)

(Below)

SCENE IN "LUSMORE"
RECENTLY AT HENRY
MILLER'S THEATRE

SCENE IN ACT III. OF "ADAM
AND EVA" AT THE LONG-
ACRE THEATRE



Photos White

Lusmore (Grace Heyer) John McFarlane Beth Fox

Act I. Ellen of the Grey Locks (Louise Poe) warns the villagers not to drive Lusmore from his home

LAUGHTER AND TEARS IN AMERICAN FARCE AND IRISH DRAMA



From a portrait by Maurice Goldberg

HELEN FREEMAN

AS Hannah Ferguson in the greatest artistic success of the past season, "John Ferguson," Miss Freeman has proved her ability as an emotional actress. Broadway had seen her before in "The Man Inside," as William Gillette's leading woman, and as the sponsor for the Nine O'clock Theatre. In "John Ferguson," she has come into her own



From a portrait by Abbe

LENORE ULRIC

WHO is now appearing in the biggest part of her career—the star rôle in a elaborate Chinese play, “The Son-Daughter,” by George Scarborough and David Belasco. For this spectacle which affords this clever emotional actress unusual opportunity, the entire lighting system of the Belasco Theatre has been changed.

CONFESSIONS OF A GALLERY GOD

One and more reasons why the leading lady always looks up when she sings

By F. C. RUSSELL



SO much has been written about the American Drama from the standpoint of the manager, the author, the actor or the box-office that it has occurred to me that it is high time for the gallery god to air his views. Having been converted from a critic to an "angel" I feel that I know what I am saying when I make the broad assertion that one learns more about a play from a seat directly under the roof than from a stage-box. Perhaps I am wrong; that remains for the reader to judge. At least I have no axe to grind. I merely want to relate my experience as a gallery god and hope thereby to throw light upon the theatre from an angle hitherto neglected.

It is a fact that in a stage box your dress shirt invariably claims more than its due share of your attention. The play drops completely out of consciousness if "the lady who goes to the theatre with you" is in the habit of dropping her fan at regular intervals. As a critic I have often been more interested in the audience than in the production. Who is the woman with the sable furs and the monkey, I wonder? She enters during the prologue. I am told that she is a moving picture star. Two women sitting directly in front of me spend the entire first act arguing as to whether the beauty in the second box on the right is Lillian Russell. I am quite convinced that the man sitting beside me is a newspaper representative supposed to be barred from the theatre. I wonder. As a consequence I spend most of the second act wondering how he got by the door-keeper. Appreciation of the play is beyond question. The audience, especially a first-night audience, becomes the "Big Show" while the production on the stage is regarded as a sort of cabaret entertainment.



IT was while my mind was full of these thoughts and my pocketbook rather empty that I decided one evening to give the "angels" a try-out. When refused admittance by a manager who did not see the wisdom of honoring trade paper representatives I gradually formed the habit of sneaking around to the gallery door. There I was unknown. There I could shut my eyes to my surroundings and really see the production. In short, before long I became a gallery god. I have never regretted it.

We people of the "top gallery" receive none of the credit that is due us. It is we who applaud when the show is good and hiss when it ought to be taken off the boards. The box-office man knows us and so do the actors. Our fifty-cent pieces are the real money. Only on rare occasions is there "paper" in the gallery. The leading-lady knows where her salary is coming from—that's why she always looks up when she sings. And besides—aren't we the chaps who whistle the "hit" after the show? Many a person downstairs would like to join us, but that's not dignified, you know. Moreover, the taxi is waiting and the train leaves at 11:10. The composer knows whether the show is a hit or not merely by standing at the

door as we file out. At the main entrance he is congratulated by scores of friends, true enough, but the sight of four high-school boys whistling his latest fox-trot means a great deal more to him. The gallery is the real theatrical thermometer. Without it the status of a play is more or less guess-work.

A maiden trip to the roof of a theatre is all that the word implies, for there may be anywhere from fifty to one hundred steps to climb. It begins, if you are a newcomer, with a disheartening scene at the main box-office of the particular theatre you have selected. From the all-important individual in the box-office you demand a fifty-cent seat. You garnish your demand with all the dignity of a gentleman, at the same time flourishing a dollar bill as proof of your ability to indulge in the debauch. The fact that you are displaying your greenback causes him to retort:



SORRY, but all the fifty-cent seats are gone. We have a few good seats in the first balcony for a dollar." If your return carfare and your laundry bill must come out of this same dollar you are not likely to look with favor upon his proposition. You mumble something to this effect, whereupon he dismisses you with: "try the box-office at the side."

So, in spite of the fact that you used the very best diction at your command, you find yourself shoved to one side by a line of people who are brandishing five-spots freely. Had you showed no evidence of being able to purchase a dollar seat you would have been spared time and trouble. When you compare your treatment in the lobby of the legitimate theatres with your entrance to the majority of vaudeville and picture houses you cannot help but feel insulted. If, however, you had noticed the individual in the box-office you would have seen that class distinction is not so marked after all, for he invariably gives the gentlemen in the top hat short change and very frequently throws coins at patrons.

This, of course, you do not see, but reluctantly sneak around to the side entrance. Here a more civil individual takes your fifty-cents ("plus war tax"), giving you in return anything from a regular ticket to a mere admission card. A real "Globe" ticket gives you enough encouragement to start on the ascent.



HALF way up you halt for breath. A group of school girls, a sailor, a fat woman, an old man, are staggering up the stairs just before you. They are all laughing and commenting upon their ascent to Heaven. This is the first sign of impending pleasure. The more steps the more the appreciation when you arrive at your destination.

When at last you arrive the first thing that catches your eye is, not a smart evening dress on some debutante, nor the diamonds on some roué, but the STAGE! It seems to take up the

entire place. You cannot help seeing it. Consequently you cannot help but see the play.

Furthermore, a very neat usher (rather usher-ess) directs you to your seat. This she does by pointing to a seat somewhere in the vicinity of "that there woman with the red hat." Truly, her speech is undignified, but in reality the only difference between the girls downstairs and those in the gallery is that the former do not open their mouths, thereby deceiving you. Downstairs the audience is all illusion and sham; the play is the reality (a means of spending the evening). Upstairs the play is the illusion and the audience the reality. The majority of the patrons of the orchestra circle are there to pass the time away. Marie has a friend from Baltimore over the week-end. She must be entertained. Dick bought a couple of seats to compensate for the dance Helen took him to. In fact, a downstairs audience in the main is congregated for almost every other purpose than the study and enjoyment of the author's product. There are no possibilities for social display upstairs. Had you wanted this you could have had a box seat at a vaudeville house for a mere song. When you elect to sit in the gallery you do so only because you want to see the play.

There are other advantages to the gallery. The slips of paper bearing the program, for example, are regarded as an insult to some people. Little do they realize that many critics and constant theatre-goers often tip ushers to get them these slips for their program files or scrap books.

Moreover, I have always preferred looking down upon the stage rather than looking up at it. I think most people share this opinion with me, for are not the first rows in the first balcony (especially at the New York Hippodrome and Century Theatres) the preferred seats from the psychological viewpoint?



I HAVE not been a gallery god long enough to note the transition from the so-called "peanut" stage to the present day, but I am in a position to say that the last few years have brought a great change for the better. For instance, at the Century theatre the patrons of the "pit" have the use of the elevators. One feels no more chagrin in riding to the gallery than one does in riding to the top floor of an office building. The Century even banishes the old side door.

The abolition of the gallery in the "intimate" theatres cropping up everywhere in New York City is a mistake. Such a direct attempt to exclude the gallery god, of course, is designed to make the theatre more exclusive and possibly to "uplift" it as an institution. On the contrary, it forces the gallery god to seek entertainment and instruction in the cheap vaudeville and picture houses. The tendency is, therefore, to lower the standard.

I confess when the question is one of "Upstairs and Down," I invariably, if I am alone, choose the former. I should regret the "Passing of the Third Floor Back" of the theatre.



Papa Silver (Norman Trevor), taking a hand in his son's love affairs, finds he is himself in love with the girl he suspected of running after the family fortune

SCENE IN "UP FROM NOWHERE" RECENTLY AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

Photos White Cecil Yapp

Norman Trevor

Ann Andrews



Dudley Clements Miriam Sears

Ernest Glendinning

James Bradbury Everett Butterfield

Motor fans will like this comedy bristling with automobile jargon—especially the character of Cyrus Pond (James Bradbury) an old-time "hoss" lover who becomes a convert to the new method of locomotion

SCENE IN "A REGULAR FELLER" RECENTLY AT THE CORT THEATRE

THE HUMBLE UNDERSTUDY

Some famous players who found their opportunity when substituting others

By HAROLD SETON



THE recent actors' strike, which resulted in many leading players surrendering their rôles and walking out of the theatre just as the audience was assembling for the evening's performance, brought prominently to the front that very useful but obscure member of the profession—the understudy.

The understudy is an important member of every theatrical organization—from the managerial viewpoint. Although cast for a minor rôle, perhaps that of a footman or a maid, the understudy must be letter-perfect in another and more important part, perhaps that of the hero or the heroine. In some companies the understudy rehearses two or three parts, and is prepared to step in at a moment's notice, when someone is taken ill or meets with a mishap. It occasionally happens that word is not received until six or seven o'clock that Miss So-and-So is indisposed or Mr. So-and-So has had an accident. Yet, when the manager asks "Are you ready?" the understudy invariably answers, "I am!" So the performance is given, and the situation is saved. For one or two nights the substitute has the center of the stage, but, when Miss So-and-So regains her health or Mr. So-and-So recovers from his injury, the understudy once more retires into the background. At the end of the week, as a reward for heroism, the substitute receives "something extra" in the envelope brought around during the *matinée* by the manager, although the amount is nowhere near the exact proportion of the remuneration paid to the "regular" actor for each performance.



SOMETIMES a player specializes as an understudy, but this is an unwise procedure. One is apt to be taken at one's own valuation, and if proclaimed as an understudy will not be regarded as anything else. Some individuals remain in this category year after year, often under the same management. Such are not over-ambitious, but are at any rate assured of an engagement.

Nevertheless, there are innumerable instances in which, after having had an opportunity to appear, after having manifested ability, the understudy has continued in the rôle, and has established a reputation.

Edith Wynne Matthison began her stage career in 1896, with Minnie Palmer in "The School Girl." (Last season Miss Palmer was with Frank Bacon in "Lightnin'.") Later Miss Matthison joined Ben Greet's company, where she understudied many parts, and was enabled to appear as Miladi in "The Three Musketeers," Queen Catherine in "Henry VIII," Portia in "The Merchant of Venice," and Peg Woffington in "Masks and Faces." In 1903 she appeared at Mendelssohn Hall in "Everyman," and in 1908 in "The Servant in the House," a play written by her husband, Charles Rann Kennedy. Last winter she appeared in Maeterlinck's fairy fantasy, "The Betrothal," a sequel to "The Bluebird."

Julie Opp was born in New York, where for a time, she was engaged in newspaper work.

She made her theatrical début in London in 1896, at St. James's Theatre in George Alexander's presentation of "As You Like It," appearing as Hymen. During that engagement she understudied Julia Neilson, the leading-lady, and was enabled to play the part of Rosalind. When "The Princess and the Butterfly" was presented in London in 1897, she was cast for Mrs. Ware, but when this piece was produced in New York, later in the same year, she was cast for the Princess. Later she married William Faversham, and, during several seasons, was his leading-lady, finally relinquishing that place to Maxine Elliott, in co-starring ventures.



OLGA NETHERSOLE is another player whose opportunity came through understudying. In London, in 1889, Mrs. Bernard Beere, who was popular at that period, became ill and Miss Nethersole stepped in at short notice and undertook the title rôle in "La Tosca," making a decided hit, so that she soon left John Hare's company and joined Charles Cartwright in a co-starring tour of Australia, where they produced "The Idler," "A Scrap of Paper," and other pieces. Miss Nethersole subsequently paid many visits to America, where she became as famous as in England, especially in such plays as "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Carmen," "Camille," and "Sappho."

The characters of Mrs. Tanqueray and Mrs. Ebbsmith were created by Mrs. Patrick Campbell in 1893 and 1895, the plays of Pinero and the interpretations of Mrs. Campbell creating considerable comment. This lady, after having been a society amateur, adopted the stage as a profession in 1888, appearing in a piece called "Bachelors," and subsequently touring with Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer, whom she understudied. Joining Ben Greet's company, she played Rosalind in "As You Like It," Viola in "Twelfth Night," Helena in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and the Princess of France in "Love's Labour Lost." In 1902 she made her American début in "Magda," since which time she has been a frequent visitor on this side of the Atlantic.



WALTER HAMPDEN was born in Brooklyn, was educated at Harvard University, and made his first appearance on the stage in England, as a member of E. R. Benson's company. From 1901 until 1905 he interpreted many rôles in Shakespearian productions, and in the latter year was called upon to replace H. B. Irving as Hamlet, at the Adelphi Theatre, London, the star, a son of Sir Henry Irving, having become suddenly indisposed. Mr. Hampden played the part for a week, and his performance called forth favorable criticism. In 1908 he created the part of Manson, the Servant, in "The Servant in the House." Last season his presentation of "Hamlet" proved a financial as well as an artistic

success, old theatre-goers in New York shaking their heads in astonishment over the advertisements announcing "Hundredth Performance of Hamlet!"

Another one of H. B. Irving's understudies was Hamilton Revelle. This was in 1891, during the presentation of "School." Prior to that time, Mr. Revelle, who was born at Moorish Castle, Gibraltar, had been a member of Augustin Daly's company, joining the organization at the age of fifteen and remaining for six seasons, playing a great variety of parts, and gaining valuable experience. After several years as leading-man with Olga Nethersole he appeared in a similar capacity with Mrs. Leslie Carter, continuing in "Du Barry" for two years, subsequently appearing in other Belasco productions, such as "The Rose of the Rancho" and "The Devil." Last season he was with Mrs. Fiske in "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans."

Phyllis Neilson-Terry was predestined for a stage-career, for her father and mother, Fred Terry and Julia Neilson, are popular players in England, and her aunt, Ellen Terry, is a celebrated actress. In 1909 Miss Neilson-Terry made her début in the part of Marie de Belleforet in her parents' presentation of "Henry of Navarre." In 1910 she had the chance to substitute as Marguerite de Valois, her mother having been taken ill. Later in the same year she was favorably received as Viola in "Twelfth Night," and after that as Rosalind in "As You Like It." Of recent years she has remained in America, now and then appearing in vaudeville as a singer and dramatic reader. It is interesting to recall that when "Twelfth Night" was presented, Dennis Neilson-Terry played opposite his sister as Sebastian.



ISABEL IRVING made her début in Rosina Vokes' company. In 1886 she played a minor rôle in "The Schoolmistress," at the Standard Theatre, where she understudied the star. Although she never took Miss Vokes' place, she offered such unmistakable evidences of dramatic ability that she was given advice and assistance by the amiable star, to whom she returned, after filling other engagements, and played prominent parts in "A Pantomime Rehearsal," "A Game of Cards," and "A Double Lesson." She then joined Augustin Daly's company, where she remained from 1888 until 1893. From 1897 until 1899 she was leading-lady with John Drew. Her most recent appearance was in the farce, "She Walked in Her Sleep."

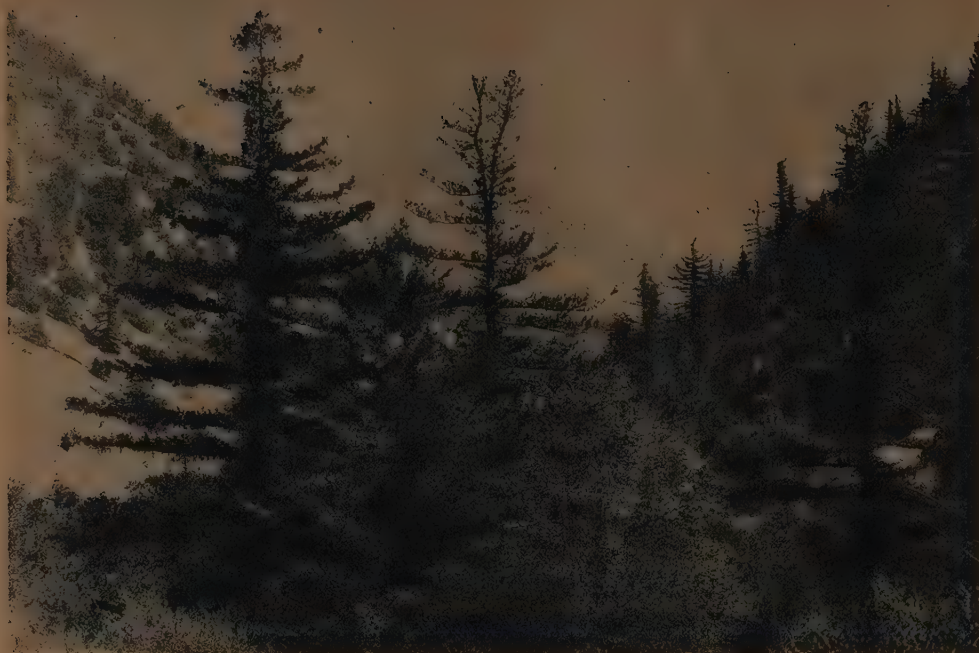
Robert Edeson had an interesting experience. In 1887 he was employed in the box-office of the Park Theatre, Brooklyn. Cora Tanner was ready to present "Fascination," when a member of the company was taken ill. The manager, Colonel Sinn, was in a dilemma, until young Edeson offered to play the part. The Colonel bet him one hundred dollars he would not see it through. Edeson took the bet, and played the part. He acquitted himself credit- (Concluded on page 418)



From a portrait by Maurice Goldberg

DOROTHY DICKSON

This young dancer, whose grace and expressive shoulders brought her fame in "The Royal Vagabond," is playing a few weeks' vaudeville engagement prior to opening in a new play.



The peculiar stillness that comes only with softly falling snow in a deep fir forest had settled down upon the environs of Round Pond.

PAULINE OF THE PINES

(A Christmas Story)

By LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE



THE peculiar stillness that comes only with softly falling snow in a deep fir forest had settled down upon the environs of Round Pond, nestled among the evergreen-clad hills a score of miles from the nearest town or railroad in the heart of the Maine woods.

Save for the wavering spiral of thin blue smoke that came from burning hemlock logs, and which could be seen above the trees, there was no sign of civilization about the pond. There were deer tracks in plenty about the outlet of the pond where the current prevented freezing and where the deer came for water.

Now and then a spruce or a pine bough, heaped with more snow than its weight could support, would seemingly impatiently flicker off its load and the snow would scatter down to the whiteness beneath.

It was late in December, almost Christmas. Sportsmen from the city had long ago returned to their homes. The few log camps, hidden in the growth about the large pond, were cold and half-buried in the accumulation of several months of snow. At only one camp were there signs of habitation, that of old Dave/Warren. It was from his camp that the smoke curled upward into the gray, snow-filled air. Old Dave lay upon his bunk and tried to look out through the little window, hazily curtained by the snowflakes. He reached for a bottle of medicine with a hand that once never knew a tremor, with fingers that were once as sure on the trigger as any steel mechanism. But now the hand shook, the fingers trembled. Old Dave would guide no more parties through the forest, his fingers would never again press the trigger of his rifle at the right moment to send a ball straight through the heart of a deer, caribou or moose.

From a lean-to kitchen built on the back of the comfortable long camp there stepped a girl of about eighteen. She was angular. Her hair was fastened back with Quaker severity and save for the out-door flush in her cheeks and the glow in her dark eyes, there seemed nothing comely about her. But a glance from her face to that of old Dave on the bunk would suffice to tell you that they were father and daughter.

"Lena," he said, huskily—he never would call her by her full name of Pauline—"you'll hafter fetch down another bottle of that cough medecine from the loft. Thar's plenty of it up thar, ain't they?"

"Sure, Dad, heaps of it," replied Pauline, knowing full well that only two bottles remained, but knowing quite as well that the truth would have been cruel.

"When's th' Doc comin' over again?" he asked, after a brief spasm of coughing.

"Right away, Dad, soon's he can. There's a heap of croup and other kid sickness in the village and the roads are bad, but he'll get over soon."

"Yes, it's a bad winter. Worst I ever knew," agreed old Dave. So far as his own health was concerned, it was the worst winter he had known. Meteorologically it was an unusually mild and healthy winter.

"I'm going down to the cove with some pickerel lines," said Pauline, pulling a pair of heavy courderoy trousers on and tucking in her skirts. Fitted with a lumberman's felt boots, a warm hood and a fur-lined coat, she set out, carrying lines to set, and her father's rifle.

As she tramped through the deep snow with rather cumbersome steps her heart was bowed down as were the fir boughs with their weight

of snow. But Pauline possessed youth, imagination and ambition. The sharp air, the softness of the pines, the wholesomeness of the solitude entered her soul and by the time she reached the pond and began cutting holes in the ice she was dreaming her day dream.

As the ice chips flew away from her blade, she was Joan of Arc battling the evil with her broadsword. As she leaned over holes and imbedded the line sets, she was Juliet in the balcony. As she finished this task skirted the pond to the outlet in hopes of a shot at a fine buck, she was Portia going to a battle of wits with Shylock.

These were her day dreams, for Pauline was a queer personage, a child-woman. For a year she had cared for her father who had been the most sought of all Maine guides. For years she had been motherless. She had finished the district school at Bartlett, the nearest town, but she had not finished absorbing information. She had read everything that came to the circulating library and especially she read and re-read the books that had longed to her mother, Shakespeare, Sheridan, some of the plays of Wilde, a history of England, a score of novels by Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Dumas, Ouida, Balzac and Daudet.

A handsome buck came down to drink as Pauline was raising an accusing finger at Shylock and insisting that not one drop of blood must be taken with the pound of flesh. Without shifting her position her accusing finger fell to the rifle in her left hand, brought it to her shoulder, there was a tenseness in her slim body, a keen aim and that twitch of the finger on trigger that only experts know how to use. The buck fell in his tracks. Laying it to two poles, Indian fashion, she dragged it to the cabin and prepared to skin and dress it.

her day dreams were over and her heart heavy, for deer meat will sustain life but in the forest it could not be exchanged for medicine and the medical attendance her father needed.

While events were transpiring in New York that would soon have direct bearing on the life of Pauline Warren, events in two men, one of whom she knew by the other not at all.

Robert Jeffrys was a clever young architect. In his office was his Cousin Edward, also clever as an architect. There was reason why they should not build up a business between them—that is, no reason except that of their own personalities. He was a convivial, society-loving young man given to a little innocent escapades now and then that shocked or seemed to shock, his Puritanical cousin. In truth the cousin should be "hypocritical." Edward Jeffrys was a pedestrian along the straight and narrow path solely because old General Jeffrys, of himself and Robert, frowned upon them, upon social gaieties and upon almost anything except dour piety, and uncle was worth several millions.

"Robert" wheezed the old general, about a week before Christmas, "you are a great disappointment to me!"

"Why, Uncle," said Robert,

"usually, you are more like the Jeffrys than any others, but your ways are distressing. You can't you settle down and live decently, like your cousin Edward?"

"I have never lived otherwise than decently," replied Robert.

"What I hear doesn't bear it out. I sent for you to ask you directly. Edward tells me you were arrested in a gambling den. I shocked. I demand that you change your ways once—"

HERE'S the story, uncle. We were out at the country club for a week-end of rest. There were five colored boys employed at the place, got into a crap game in the kitchen the night and proceeded to carve each other. All seven of us, members of the club, asked to tell the judge what we knew. It was after a call had been sent to the local police and the colored boys locked up."

Robert looked his uncle squarely in the eye. The old general returned the look, nor could he suppress a glint of admiration from showing. "Humph," he snorted, "Edward seems to be from the gossiping side of his family. Advise you to marry a nice girl and settle down. Only thing."

Robert Jeffrys went directly back to his office, his temper increasing with every step. Without removing hat or overcoat he sent Edward out into the main office, before the entire force.

"I said Robert, 'you're a damn liar!'" and he locked Edward out as flat as one of the printing thumbs tacked to a drawing board. He walked out of his office and to his room, telephoned for his friend Billy Merd and packed a fat valise. Billie had nothing to do and plenty of money to do it. Robert told him the story.

He was too unstrung to stay here. Let's go to camp in Maine and loaf a bit while this snow over," he said.

He smiled Billy. It would have made no difference whether Robert suggested Mexico, India or the French Congo. He would go.

They reached the camp at Round Pond rather late at night. The next morning the keen eyes of Pauline spied the smoke.

"Dad," she said, "somebody's down on Christmas Tree point, in the cottage the New York fellow owns, what's his name?"

"At this time o' winter?" queried old Dave. "That's sorter queer. His name's Jeffry. Nice young feller, but lazy. He'd rather set an' read books about them big churches an' towers an' things than go out shootin' and he was always workin' over them blue paper carpenter's plans."

Pauline made no comment, but decided that if Mr. Jeffry, whom she had seen now and then for a number of years back, preferred to read, she could sell him provisions, and their need of money was more urgent than she dared tell her father.

Early next morning Pauline visited her set lines at the pond, and, putting on her snowshoes, made the mile across the cove straight to the door of the Jeffrys cottage.

"You're Dave's little girl," exclaimed Robert, when she called, "I didn't think you'd winter through in camp."

Pauline explained that her father was too sick to be moved. Robert was glad to buy the fish. He also wanted venison and as for bread, he didn't know how to make it. The result was that Pauline called almost daily with bread of her own making, fish of her own catching and venison that had fallen before her certain marksmanship.

Robert and Billy read, played cards, tramped a little, shot a few ruffed grouse and killed time in a restful manner. Three times they hiked the twenty miles to town with letters and after mail. Robert was arranging a dissolution of partnership with his cousin through his good friend Frederick Parker, a young but clever attorney. When it was all settled and his cousin had moved out and set up an office elsewhere, Robert proposed to go back.

Pauline had said nothing about her need of money. She was neither bashful nor bold. She delivered the provisions every day and hurried back. Robert gave no more thought to her than he did to any of the natives thereabouts. Had he known her miserable circumstances he would have helped out because he was fond of old Dave. He did bring a box of candy and some cigars back from town and sent them over to Dave and Pauline the day before Christmas, merely as a matter of courtesy.

CHRISTMAS morning in the snow-bound Maine woods was like any other morning there. Robert and Billy had shot some grouse for the dinner. There was a bottle of something that had escaped Amendment Eighteen, but that was to be the extent of their celebration.

About noon Billy, who was standing at the window staring out across the pond, exclaimed, "There's Santa Claus!"

Robert strolled over and looked out. Two men were driving across in a sleigh. There had been a rain and heavy frost and the snow was crusted thick enough to hold an elephant.

"Doctor for old Dave," guessed Robert. A little later Billy spoke again.

"Bet they're coming here. They've passed the cove where they'd turn in for Dave's place."

Robert rushed to the window.

"If it's Ed he can turn around and drive back again, he won't get in here," declared Robert.

They watched until the sleigh was near

enough to recognize the occupants. One was Joe Sprout from the town, livery stable keeper, postmaster, town clerk, justice of the peace and chief of police.

"A special delivery letter or telegram, perhaps," guessed Robert, and then he recognized the other man.

"Freddie Parker—I say, what's up?"

"Your lawyer, eh? Gad, I hope you don't have to go back for any court proceedings," and Billy was plainly distressed.

They went out and met them, put the horse under the old shelter, blanketed him and led them inside where the Christmas bottle was passed with appropriate rites.

"Have I got to go to court?" asked Robert.

"Not court, but courting," declared Parker with a cheerful grin that hid a really worried mind.

"What's the litigation——"

"You misunderstand me, Bob. You've got to get married!"

"And you drove over here just to spring that fool joke?" asked Robert.

"The General is dead!"

Robert sprang to his feet in undisguised dismay and shock.

"Uncle dead? Really? Poor old General. Wish I'd been there. He was a soldier and a gentleman despite his oddities and I was more fond of him than most people know."

"I had a devil of a time getting here because the train was snowbound," apologized Parker hastily.

"GUESS we'll go out an' take a constitutional whilst you folks talk private business," suggested Joe Sprout, and he and Billy left.

"Now here's the situation, Bob. Your Uncle was no fool. He had you and your cousin sized up. He had little use for your cousin and he had no use for your butterfly society habits, your polo and golf, dances and such things. But he made you his sole heir!"

"Nol. Say isn't that great! It means five years of study abroad for me. It means——"

"He left you his sole heir, Bob, provided that you are married before your twenty-fifth birthday. He stated in his will, I'll read you a copy in a moment, that all you needed to make you a real Jeffry was to settle down and that marriage with some nice girl would do it."

Robert stared at his attorney friend, his jaw sagging lower and lower, his eyes popping wider and wider.

"There isn't a girl I know whom I care to marry or who would probably marry me——"

"Nonsense. With your uncle's millions? Say, if the young women knew it you'd be surrounded by flocks of them. Easy enough to find a suitable young woman——"

Robert Jeffrys' face became grave. He laid his hand on Parker's knee, fixed him with his gaze.

"Do you know that I'll be twenty-five to-morrow?"

"Good God!" ejaculated Parker, leaning up.

A knock at the door interrupted them. Robert answered it. Pauline entered with a bundle. Robert introduced her to Parker.

"I tried to make a sort of Christmas cake. Didn't have any chocolate but used maple sugar for frosting. The holly berries are real, anyway," she said.

Robert thanked her. She turned to go. At the door she paused.

"How's your father?" queried Robert.

"A little more cheerful, because it is Christmas, but—but he's no better really. Well," and she smiled bravely, "hope you have a

merry Christmas," and she was out of the door as they returned the wish.

"Pretty girl," said Parker.

"Is she?" asked Robert.

"Look here Bob Jeffrys, are you going to let that cheap hypocrite of a cousin of yours grab off the old General's millions?"

"Wha-a-at?" yelled Robert.

"Yes sir. In the event that you are not married before your twenty-fifth birthday, your cousin becomes sole heir. Now—"

"Oh shut up and let me think," growled Robert, pacing the floor.

They went over the case carefully, studied the copy of the will. It was plain and clean-cut. Robert must be married to some respectable young woman before his twenty-fifth birthday or lose his uncle's millions. The more he thought of his cousin swelling it and lording it over him, the more he scowled and used big words.

"That girl married who just came in?" demanded Parker.

"She's a kid," protested Robert.

"She's a woman," insisted Parker. "Marry her, pay her ten thousand or so. You can go your way and get a divorce easy enough—"

"Come with me," shouted Robert and they started for old Dave's place. Pauline saw them. They beckoned her to come out, not caring to disturb the sick man. Parker did the talking. In a few words he told her the story.

"Now, young lady," he said, "Mr. Jeffrys here will give you ten thousand a year. You need never live with him, you may divorce him for desertion—and you'll be doing a wonderful thing for him."

"Ten thousand—ten thousand—doctors for Dad and trained nurses and everything to make him well—ten thousand—" That was what was ringing over and over through her brain as she watched them.

"YES, Mr. Jeffrys, I'll do it," she said simply, and stepped back into the house to explain to her father that she had to run over and "help" Mr. Jeffrys just a little while with his Christmas cooking.

The ceremony was simple. Joe Sproul as town clerk issued a license written on a paper bag. As Justice of the Peace he pronounced them man and wife, as a plain livery stable keeper he witnessed the agreement to pay Pauline ten thousand a year, and as a gentleman he gave his word to never tell what he knew.

Pauline was given her first check and Joe promised to come for her next day and help her bank it and help her arrange to give her father the care he needed.

"You are a wonderful little girl. You have helped me more than you know. Notify me when you start divorce proceedings and I will agree not to come back into this state for the necessary period," said Robert as he shook hands with her.

"I—I am so grateful that I'd like to kiss you if it were not taking advantage of you," he added.

"I am grateful and I'd like to kiss you," declared Pauline, and she did.

Robert and Billy drove back with Parker and Joe and the next day Robert was in New York. Not long after that he went abroad to study architecture, as he had yearned for years to do but as his small means had previously prevented.

Pauline did not tell her father of her marriage. She explained that the "rich Mr. Jef-

frys" had provided the funds because of his fondness for the old guide. They moved into the town and old Dave had the best of care. With the coming of spring, however, he passed on to his Happy Hunting Grounds and Pauline sought to set herself aright in her new world.

Two years later Pauline was established in a little apartment in New York, with an aunt as companion. Three years later she was playing very small parts in Broadway productions and studying very large parts at home during her spare time.

Twice she tried to locate her husband, but all that was known of him was that he was studying abroad. When four years had elapsed and she had secretly understudied a star part, her little opportunity came. Unlike heroines in stage stories, she did not leap instantly into fame, but she did leap into better parts and at the end of six years she had arrived—"PAULINE PAULSON" appeared in kilowatts of electric brilliance over the theatre entrance.

ABOUT that time Robert came back with a books full of sketches and head full of ideas about the architecture of the cities that border the seven seas. He opened luxurious offices, he took on some work now and then, solely because of his love for it, and he enjoyed himself thoroughly.

Then he saw Pauline Paulson in the title role of "Princess Virtue." He was never quite so interested in any actress or other woman before. He did not know exactly why, but there seemed a something about this beautiful woman of the stage that attracted him, a vague something that aroused in him a desire to meet her. It was some months later before his opportunity came.

Evarts, the producer, wanted to make certain that the Moorish architecture in one act of a coming play would be beyond criticism. Someone told him that Jeffrys was the best man for that and so Jeffrys was called in. At first he was disinclined to give the time, but when he learned that the coming production was one in which Pauline Paulson was to star, he promptly changed his mind.

Evarts came over to Jeffrys' studio one morning, bringing Miss Paulson and the script of the play. Jeffrys must fit the setting to the needs of the act, yet keep the architectural effect that of the period of Moorish occupation of Spain.

"This is Miss Paulson, our star, Mr. Jeffrys."

Robert was delighted, and clearly and sincerely expressed his pleasure. Pauline gave him one startled, big-eyed glance as she entered the studio, but at the introduction lost none of her composure. "If," she thought, "for any reason he does not care to recognize me, I shall not divulge the secret." Before half an hour had passed Pauline discovered that Robert Jeffrys had no more idea that she was the little Maine backwoods girl than he had of what was going on in China.

ROBERT designed a setting that proved a success. The new play opened and Robert became a "first-nighter" for the first time. Among the flowers heaped in Pauline's dressing room was an immense bouquet from Robert.

The new production was a success. Pauline was more of a success than ever and Robert became more and more attentive to this beautiful actress. Then came a fire that partly destroyed the theatre along with an adjoining block. It would take a month, perhaps two, to repair the damage. No other theatre could be secured. This gave Robert more oppor-

tunity than ever to be with Pauline Paulson. On many an occasion he had impulsively taken her hand and started to tell her of his love, but always there came before him a vision of a scared, lanky, illy clad little girl away up in the Maine woods whom he had married solely to defeat his hated cousin and to win his uncle's millions, so he hesitated.

He knew the time would come when he would have to tell her of his love. It happened late in December. They were having a Winter week-end party at the estate of a mutual friend out on Long Island. The younger folks were out skating. The older folks were playing whist about the great fireplace in the library. Robert and Pauline sat in an alcove window seat, watching the great Winter moon, the silver and snowy landscape. Robert was holding Pauline's hand. Suddenly he dropped her hand and stood up, facing her.

"Pauline," he said. "I am a married man, but I love you more than all else in the world."

Pauline was too clever an actress not to pretend astonishment. Robert hastened to explain. In a most straightforward manner he told the story, did not spare himself, and he ended by taking her hand again.

"My dear," he said "If I go to this woman in the Maine woods and get her to divorce me, will you marry me?"

"Since she has been wife merely in name, since the circumstances were as you told me, if this girl is freely willing to release you, Robert I will—"

For the first time Robert held her in his arms and for the first time—as he thought— he kissed her, but as he did so Pauline thought of that day, her most unusual "wedding day" when, out of gratitude, she had kissed Robert Jeffrys.

"I will go the first of the week and find this girl," he exclaimed happily.

"But if she refuses to release you?" asked Pauline, after the manner of all women.

"Then, with your consent, I shall secure the freedom," he declared, firmly.

THE moon's testimony as to what followed would have been a repetition of a very old story.

Just before Christmas Robert was back in his comfortable camp on Christmas Tree point. He had sought the girl he married in the village where Joe Sproul, still livery stable keeper, postmaster, town clerk and J. P., had given him considerable information. This information, in the form of instructions, reposed within Joe's pocket. It was a letter from Pauline.

"By thunder, Mr. Jeffry, but that's a mighty funny happenstance, now ain't it? Old Dave's gal—your wife you know, has been away for quite a while but she just writ me 'tother day to git th' old camp ready as she was plannin' to take a rest. Sentiment I reckon."

"Luck is with me," exclaimed Robert.

"I guess it is," grinned Joe.

"Let me know the moment she gets here. I'll go over to the village and—er—see her before she moves out to the old camp."

"Sure," said Joe, but with a mental reservation, for this did not fit into the instructions he had in his pocket.

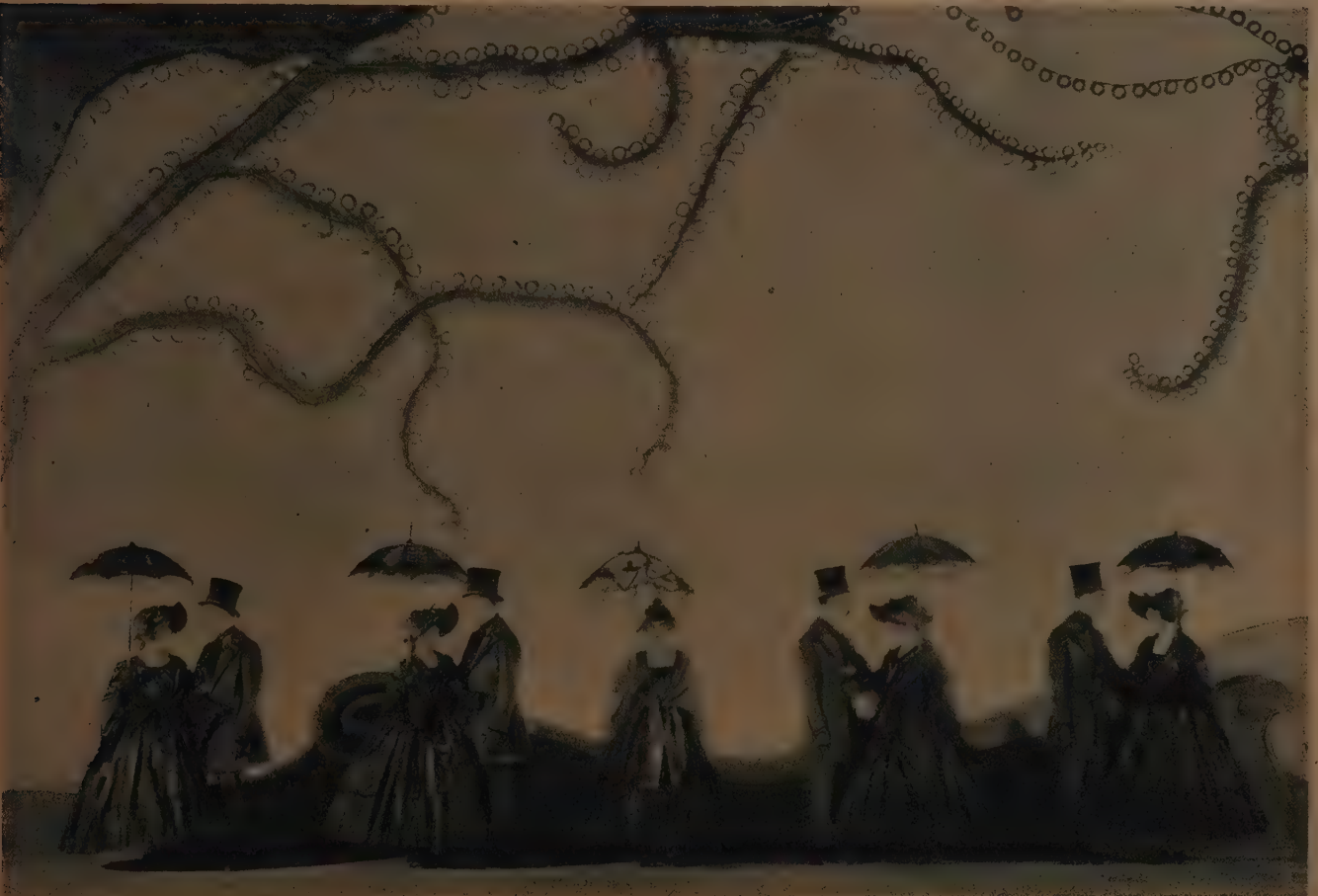
Robert made himself comfortable in his camp with one of his own servants from home and a native youth. It was nearly sunset on Christmas eve when Joe Sproul hammered on the door of Robert's place and walked in, after the custom of his people. Going to Robert

(Continued on page 416)



Photos Abbe

"Milady's Dressing Table," with Dorothy Miller as Powder Puff, Paul Frawley as Candle, Pearl Regay as Moth, and Janet Stone as Rouge—a pretty dance fantasy in which the moth hovering around the candle is burned by the flame.



"Shadowland"—a picturesque setting by John Wenger. In this scene the silhouettes sing "Just for Me and Mary."



Photos Edward Thayer Monroe

DOROTHEA MACKAYE

The prima donna of "See Saw," who is dancing and singing her way through the musical piece at the George M. Cohan Theatre.

(Left) ELIZABETH HINES

Another pretty girl in "See Saw" whose good looks and ability are helping the play to success

"SEE SAW" CAN BOAST OF LOVELY GIRLS



From a photograph by Abbe

DOLORES

*As the gorgeous Peacock Girl
in the "Ziegfeld Midnight
Frolic."*

THE THEATRE NEEDS REFORM, SAYS DUNSANY

Brilliant Irish poet-dramatist sees nothing but rubbish in the so-called popular play

By ALTA MAY COLEMAN



LORD DUNSANY'S blue eyes are keen and bright; they show that he is thinking as he talks, flinging out his words rapidly to keep pace with his ideas, and individualizing the usual clipped speech of the cultivated Briton with a bit of a lisp. When he has answered a question he smiles, a smile of engaging good nature, and cocks up his left eyebrow—a whimsical signal of triumph, as it were, at having bagged the game.

A tall man he is—six feet five surely; wears loose, almost ungainly tweeds that yet cannot hide his litheness and natural grace. His head, finely proportioned to his height, is covered with soft, sand-colored hair that sticks out in all directions like that of the naughty boy who has wriggled during the process of the homemade haircut. His narrow mustache, by way of contrast, is tidily well trimmed.

Contrasts seem to be Lord Dunsany's forte. Seldom do we find a literary figure of such importance with such a wide range of interests. Not only is he a poet of unique originality, creating new realms and peoples, strange cities and stranger gods. He is a soldier, veteran of two wars, and bears a bullet scar on his cheek. He is a keen cricketer and huntsman and the best pistol shot in Ireland. He devotes leisure moments to the craft of cutting seals on silver—delicate little intaglios of Japanese simplicity. And now he has come to America to deliver a series of lectures on war, drama and life. Looking at him we realize that his dramatic work is but the natural expression of a rich and vivid personality—a facet and not the whole of the man.

He writes as he talks and rides, at top speed; and, delightful eccentricity, with a quill pen. Not to be thwarted by the narrow-necked American non-spill inkwells, Lord Dunsany was discovered at the Belmont ordering his ink served in an eggcup. He shook his head when asked whether he would not some day cease giving the public caviare and serve them with coarser dramatic fare.

"You mean popular plays," he said, "plays the inspiration of which comes from the people as

a mass. That amounts to asking me whether I intend to cease to be an artist. While I remain an artist I shall do an artist's work, which means getting inspiration from the vastness around us. I think ever 'thing comes to us

wear them on their hats or boots or on the outside of their shirtcuffs. I can only get at the deeper thoughts of people by getting at the deeper thoughts of one—that is myself. If I can only write from inspiration, my inspiration is keyed to the deep thoughts of other people. But in looking at my deeper emotions they must pay attention as they would to their own deeper emotions. It takes a little time. In the end I shall be truly popular.

"But as to what is generally known as popular plays—never. I have always stood aloof from anything I considered base in work. Of course I could snap out rubbish for I write very quickly. Once I have started I don't stop for a moment; I go right on writing with great care. After the idea, I may go straight and write it; or I may keep it in my head four or five years. If it is worth while I never lose it; only the unessentials drop off."

Lord Dunsany has written two full length plays since the armistice, both concerned with modern life. But as to

his next work, whether it will be of the present or be set in his imaginative realm of green gods and orchid-loving kings, he can make no predictions. It depends on the inspiration, he explains.

(Concluded on page 138)



Dunstall Priory—Lord Dunsany's country home at Shoreham, Kent, England



Lord and Lady Dunsany

from the clouds and the hills and experiences of life. As you experience different things, you must have different impressions and so their expressions are different. When an artist works he puts himself on paper. But the theatrical financier writes things he thinks will win the



Photos White

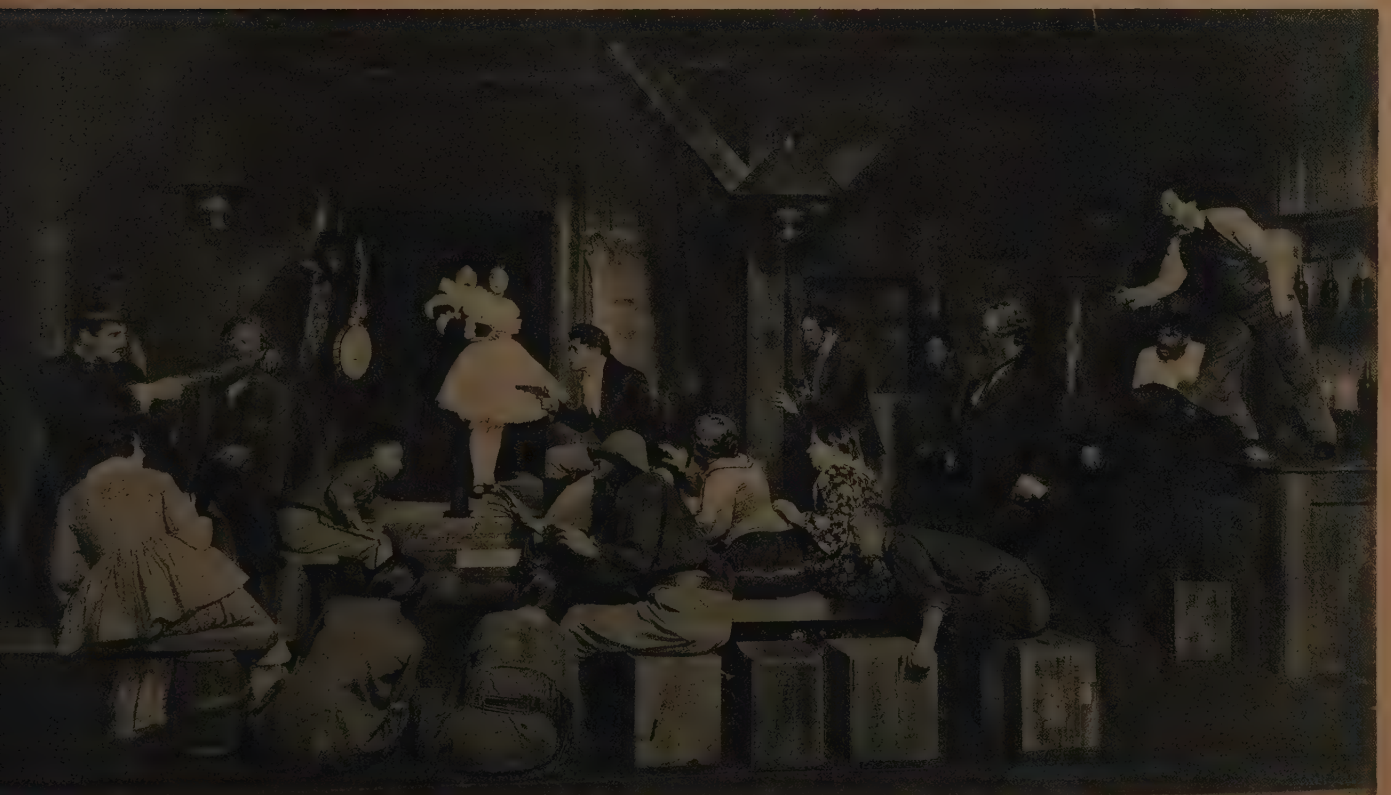
Wilton Lackaye, George Le Guere and Grace Reals. Kaintuck (Mr. Lackaye) advises the young man not to marry into the theatrical profession.



Wilton Lackaye as the thwarted actor, now turned miner



Edward J. Guhl, Genevieve Tobin and Mattie Keene—the banjo playing black faced comedian, the Cricket, and the Queen.



The Cricket, the twinkling little dancer at whose feet the miners toss their newly found gold, is the reason for the exchange of shots between her two admirers.

WILTON LACKAYE IN AUGUSTUS THOMAS' COMEDY DRAMA "PALMY DAYS"



(Left) MARIE CHAMBERS

In "Nightie Night," the farcè at the Princess, Miss Chambers is giving her usual excellent performance.

Abbe



VIRGINIA FOX BROOKS

Who is playing the leading feminine role in the Chicago company of "Civilian Clothes."

White



Motor White

Some of the pretty high steppers in "The Little Whopper" at the Casino



"Just a Minute" at the Cort has the usual share of girls and dancing.

IRLS CONTINUE THE MAIN ATTRACTION IN MUSICAL PIECES

THE CASE AGAINST THE MUSIC CRITICS

"They shall not pass" says the organized cabal which exists against composers or interpreters of modern music

By DENISON FISH



IT has got to come—a real revolution on the part of the music makers against the big professional music critics of the large influential metropolitan dailies, not merely because they have been looking askance and running amuck; not merely because they are capricious, prejudiced, dyspeptic and play favorites; not merely because many of them are musically ignorant and have had demanded more of them than is physically and mentally possible for them to accomplish; not merely because they terrorize the debutant and hold him up to a terrifically high standard regardless of his method and intrinsic worth, needlessly crushing many weak, but beautiful musical personalities, which with care would have grown stronger; not merely because of all of these slight surface indications of insincerity; but for the vital reason that nine out of ten of these men are out and out traitors to the cause of music in this country and can often be condemned out of their own mouths.

In a scientific, unspiritual and inartistic age, such as this is, seeing the faithful are so greatly outnumbered by the Philistines, they are dickering with the enemy. While they parade in their robes as high priests of art they wink from under their fillets at the unbelievers, and when we catch them they call it tact. Double-faced they are. When it pleases them to act the martyr role they admit that they are the high priests of art, that they will do and die the Martin Luther, the Joan of Arc, so help them Apollo, to preserve the sacred fire. All this for some little gnat of a detail, but change the menu, touch them on the hip and they toss off a number of camels with "We are just plain newspaper men, we chronicle events; we are here to tell the public what happened, not what it must like, or where it must go."

THE late James Gordon Bennett of the *New York Herald*, consistent with his owl insignia, was wise and discreet when he laid it down as the musical policy of the *Herald* that there should be no critics or criticism, merely reporting what occurred as the man in the street could see and hear it with untutored eyes and ears. Wise editor! Not to demand of his frail human reporters that they do the impossible. No King Arthur he with the impractical idealistic order to "Follow the Grail" of pure music. The *Herald* was not the organ of the arts, and its editor did not believe in mixing issues or biting off more than his readers could mark and inwardly digest.

But other editors-in-chief and their music critics have scorned this safety-and-sanity-first code, and thrown caution to the winds.

Let us be sincere and generous now. We truly admire them for their high idealism, for their insistence on their birth-right of artistic freedom and right of expression. We admire, love and cheer them as they start out for the lists with their fair lady's favor pinned on their shields. But when in the sad course of battle they are outnumbered and outwitted so that they dicker, parley and attempt to betray, then the true art patriots must denounce the traitors. The time for this has surely come.

Some one has said (with or without a touch of scorn, I know not) "Those who can, do; those who cannot, teach." And others borrowing this gentle bon mot for music have said "Those who can musically, do; (that is, become interpretive artists. Those who cannot, become music critics." Now this sort of thing is not even clever. In the first place the music critic aims to cover a field ten times as large as any interpretive artists. Those who cannot, become music sary for success as a concert pianist would not be a satisfactory critic; he would be too one-sided, too minute. A painter of a large canvass, the critic must have a true sense of proportion.

THIS leads us to our first statement in the case against our music critics of today. They think they know so much more than they really do. They think they understand all the details of the different musical *métiers* and they criticize with a final negative and throw into the discard all that does not easily classify and fit into their eight or ten pigeon holes. Art is living, vital and moving. There must be several large pigeon holes for the new, the unclassified. The specialist who works for years in a certain *métier* on new tints and shades of his art must not be told ruthlessly in two sticks the morning after his concert, "I did not have time to listen to more than the first fifteen minutes of so and so's recital, but the public is not going to follow all these hair-splitting nuisances. Let's have Beethoven in the old-fashioned way," etc. When it comes to details, let the critics keep out their clumsy stage-scenery fingers from the work of specialists. They must needs cover a large field, they must have an eye to take in a large canvass, but let them, nevertheless, have a heart to love the sincere painter of medallions.

With more heart, more humanity, more youthful sympathy among our critics we might break the organized cabal which exists in New York against the modern composer or the interpreter of modern music. In the last ten years the modern works which have received high praise, or genuine enthusiastic interest at the hands of the New York critics, have been growing fewer and fewer. It is requiring more and more courage and self-sacrifice on the part of composers, to be genuine and sincere, and for interpreters to dare to reproduce their works. The reactionary critics are saying "They shall not pass," and they have a very flexible defense system to prevent it. "They damn with faint praise," or they curse violently. The former method is saved for strong, vital works, such as Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini," the violent cursing is used on the small, more timid, less vital composers, or interpreters who are not perhaps fully matured.

With new compositions they fail to see the woods for the trees. Banghardsky gives a concert of his own piano compositions. As you carefully read between the lines of the next day's criticism, you realize that the critic was so annoyed by Banghardsky's personal ugliness or lack of ability as a pianist that he really did not notice

the compositions at all. Russian pianists in their own compositions have been one of the *bêtes noir* of the New York critic. This is partly because they do not understand modern Russia, partly because they have decided that piano playing must be more feminine and gentle. So Ornstein and others are being hindered and delayed in their march to greater fame.

Compare the Metropolitan with the Chicago Opera Company, one bold, aggressive and original; the other checkmated into a corner where it hardly dares to move out of the two squares "Aida"—"Tosca." Where is the fault? Not with Mr. Gatti. He is bold in spirit and deed, but if the Bolshevik critics of New York are not checked or halted they will eventually prove his artistic death as they have done that of other impressarios in the past. The Chicago Company give a comparatively light work such as "Monna Vanna"—the critics are warm, they glow. The opera is not strangled in its cradle, it is given a chance. What is good in it is being admired out there in Chicago. It may soon pass on, but in its place perhaps a masterpiece like "Marouf" will come to stay. There is life there. But here in the last ten years out of a very carefully selected and wonderfully mounted list of operas, including such incomparable things as Dukas' "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini," Rabaud's "Marouf," Borodin's "Prince Igor" and Parker's "Mona," the censors have passed favorably on just two—"Boris" and "L'Amore dei Tre Re," and both of these were accidents, "Boris" because it happened to be the first Russian opera to be produced here; "L'Amore dei Tre Re" because it was short. Is one to infer that they are trying to oust Mr. Gatti? Not at all. If you examine the articles by most of the critics carefully you will see that they are fundamentally consistent in all they say. They are opposed to the onward march of music in this country. Many friends of the American composer have accused them of being particularly hostile to the American composer or artist. I do not think this claim is justified; they have been just as hard comparatively on the modern Frenchman, the modern Italian, and particular on the English composer.

IN passing, let me mention a seemingly small, but really fundamental feature of New York criticism, namely the fact that the critics all hang together. This is partly because, with the true reporter's instinct which all city editors discourage, they work together and swap ideas, partly because some of the fraternity have great reverence for the opinions of certain senior critics. Often all the music critics agree and say the same thing next day merely with different wording. Occasionally, one of the men wanders from the fold, but he usually returns, repentant, a few days later. There is only one voice in the wilderness to witness for spontaneity—this is a special editor of one of the musical weeklies who writes under a pseudonym and "is said" to be a composite personality.

The composers and the ears of today are de



Edward Thayer Monroe

FLORENCE COURT

The original "Lotta Miles" of the Kelly Springfield Tire advertisements, who made her debut in "Fifty, Fifty, Ltd."



Maurice Goldberg

Adolf Bolm and Margit Leraas in the Mexican Ballet in which they will appear with the Chicago Opera Company.



(c) Bachrach

JESSIE PRINGLE

Noted for her portrayal of mother roles, who has been supporting Frank Bacon in the highly successful play, "Lightnin'."

Ned Wayburn rehearsing a scene for his "Demi-Tasse Revue" at the Capitol. Although most of the attention seems concentrated upon the chorus, the organ pipes showing through the scaffolding



will furnish some of the music the chorus will dance to. The biggest theatre naturally must install the biggest, theatre organ in the world, and that is just what this Estey organ is.

manding a type of singing which the world has not known well before. Wagner first spoke up for it and the *bel canto* Jenny-Lindites are still hissing him. Francon-Davies has prophesied that the future holds great vocal wealth in store, but our critics in their second childhood go into convulsions over Tetraxis and Galli-Curcis and all but ruin the careers of Mmes. Olive Fremstadt and Mary Garden, because these latter have vocally hitched their wagons to stars. Blessing instead of cursing for these—sun instead of rain—and what beautiful artistic flowers might now be growing on Manhattan Isle! The case of Muratore proves this. He came to Boston in 1914 and began to transcend the former Parisian Muratore, but two well-known Boston critics got out their hammers and the voice lost some of its brilliance as the season wore on. Is there any connection? When he went to Chicago the critics burst blood vessels, and he surpassed the original Boston Muratore, until Donaghy—but this is too recent to need relating.

This leads us into the heart of another matter (for this is an endless chain of evidence we are forging around these art traitors). Critics fail completely to understand the psychology of the artist. To become great in the kingdom of art, as well as in the Kingdom of Heaven, one must become as a little child, and children (alas, if we only realized it more) are sensitive, very sensitive. The interpretive artist must actually cultivate sensitiveness, not as an end in itself,

but as a means to an end—that of making himself a better medium for the works of another, and he must keep sensitive; but the action of most critics tends to unartistize and desensitize him, to make him a better business man, but a poorer interpreter. Take the classic about Calve. Indisposed one night she treated her audience to the Habanera, hardly once in tune with the orchestra. Being then at the height of her popularity her audience, more heart than critical ears, demanded an encore, which she gave to the queen critic's taste. Had the critics comprised the entire audience they would coldly and hastily have drawn a veil over this dark page of Calve's career and the beautiful encore would never have been delivered.

The artist and his teachers do not stand alone as the makers of the artist. The audience plays a big part, and can they permit their spokesmen, the music critics, to be "clanging brass and tinkling cymbals" leaving out of their utterances the milk of human kindness, otherwise known as charity—a requisite in the lives of these big-hearted children to devote themselves to keeping others young?

Space fails me to score the critic who takes flippantly the serious musician, the critic who aims to put a new hue in humor and make puny his criticism by continual punning, by such tricks as describing the Deagan percussion instruments used in Grainger's "In a Nut Shell" as "One

kitchen stove, two brass coal scuttles," etc. Men who write this way are usually found in small towns, but New York, I believe, has one of every species known on the face of the earth, and this is no exception. Patience fails me to more than mention the despicable habit of baiting certain artists year after year without letting up. Is the "Prelude in C sharp minor" unpardonable? Will the public not permit Rachmaninoff to rise above it? Is it so far beneath Paderewski's Minuet in G? If not, why has Paderewski never been forced out of the profession because of that youthful indiscretion? Fremstadt has certainly suffered unnecessarily at the hands of critics, some of whom, in the face of her incomparable "Isolde" have dared to say repeatedly in print that she is a contralto and cannot make herself a dramatic soprano; yet there is no artist in the country more liked and admired. The critics have all gotten the historical bug lately and whenever a revival is given (and, oh! how they love revivals) the music critic "puts one over" on the rest of the staff by getting a lot of dead stuff past the city editor with casts, dates and other wildly excitable memorabilia of the Old Academy of Music days.

And so it goes. The critics have more laid on them than they can possibly accomplish, yet they blandly take up the whole burden, name the disease, but omit to tell the cure and do a clog dance on the coffin of some poor debutant's hopes Heigho!



THE JESTER TO HIS GOD

I LOVE your spacious play-box home,
Your mountain altars, midnight lamps,
Your *Globe*, your blue cathedral dome—
Unmarred as yet by adv-paint tramps.

Your tessellated valley floors
Whereon your mills grind slow and fine,
Your stained-glass dawns and exit-doors
Of cloud and sun. . . Ah, Master Mine.

I no more fear you than sad old
Pale Death, your Fool, for I'm your Fool
As well—ay, grim or gay or bold,
Just as my crowd blows hot or cool

Like yours. I'll not escape that Knave,
But I know you as you know me,
Father and Chum: my soul you gave
In fee for all futurity.

Good Lord! you sit behind the wing
And run the Show, the Universe.
I dance the rope, and laugh and sing
Your glories. I am none the worse.

Though priest-apostrophes I mince
And do the lyric comical,
Father Dear, Gentleman and Prince,
My Master, Manager and Pal.

JOHN REGNAULT ELLYSON.



White



Abbe

MADGE DERNY

Whose unusual dancing is a popular feature of the new revue, "The Passing Show of 1919."

What would the Winter Garden be without its beauties? Here are some of the most famous ones.

BLANCHE RING

In her amusing imitation of John Barrymore in "The Jest.



FELIX BARRE

Comedian, from the Théâtre de la Rêjane and Grand Guignol.

(Circle)

ROBERT CASADESUS

Director, From the Théâtre des Variétés



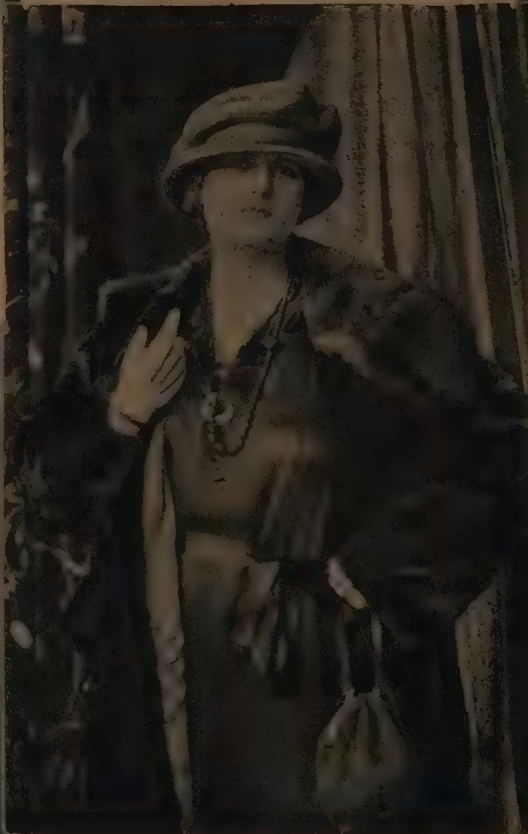
LUCIEN WEBER

Leading man from the Théâtre des Capucines and l'Odéon



SUZANNE CAUBET

Ingenue, from the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt



Photos Ira L. Hill

HENRIETTE DELANNOY

Leading woman from the Théâtre Antoine



LUCIENNE DEBRENNES

Leading woman from the Comédie Française

The Theatre Parisien installed at the Belmont Theatre presents an interesting programme, including a score of modern French dramas, comedies and operettas. The season opened with "Main Gauche," a three act comedy by Pierre Weber, and "Chonchette," an opera bouffe in one act by Caillavet and de Flers, with music by Terrasse.

NEW YORK WELCOMES THE FRENCH PLAYERS

A M A T E U R T H E A T R I C A L S

WHAT IS BEING DONE BY
AMATEURS EVERYWHERE



A DELIGHTFUL episode in "Three Pills in a Bottle," by Rachel Lyman Field, presented by the Dramatic Circle of the Chicago College Club, under the direction of Louise Van Voorhis Armstrong. Dorothy Edwards, as Tony Simms, and Isabel Gardner as the Sissors-Grinder's Soul.

"DOLLS"—a Christmas Nonsense Play, with all the dolls dear to the heart of childhood represented. Mrs. Truman Streng as the convincing Baby Doll; Genevieve Forbes the Soldier Doll; Louise C. Rowlands, Genevieve, the Old Doll; Anna Bjorkind, the Peasant Doll; Adele Schroeder, the Marie Antoinette Doll; Isabel Gardner, the Harlequin Doll; Mrs. Adolph Hartmann, Jr., the Fashionable Lady Doll; Dorothy Edwards, the Jap Doll; and Harlequin, the doll "that once is smashed, forever dies." The author, Louise Van Voorhis Armstrong, presented this charming playlet at the Dramatic Circle of the Chicago College Club.

H. A. Atwell, Chicago



AMATEUR DRAMATICS IN YOUR COMMUNITY

By CLARENCE STRATTON

THERE is no doubt that during the next few years there will be more amateur dramatics than ever before. Even prior to the war, before it had drawn its thousands of men and women from regular life, there were indications of such a spreading of dramatic interest. That period of seeming inactivity has not blocked the attempts of enthusiasts; in all likelihood it has stimulated the determination to produce plays, for wherever bodies of men were in training or service, entertainments of all kinds were demanded and supplied, often in forms new and fascinating to dwellers of regions where similar performances were unknown. As thousands of these men—and women, too—were initiated into the process of providing dramatic material, as many of them were even drafted as performers, they learned a few rudiments of the attractive art which they are sure to exercise now that they have returned to their former pursuits.

Fortunately this impulse is not going to die for want of opportunity. From one phase of the War Camp Community Service has developed a Committee on Memorials, one of whose laudable efforts is to induce communities to build worthy, living reminders of their heroic dead; to erect attractive buildings in which all noble interests may be fostered. Nearly every building plan recommended by this committee contains an auditorium with a practicable stage. Every effort of the efficient service is being directed to helping architects and builders to make that stage and that audience space available for all possible uses—including, as not the least, the production of plays. It is noteworthy that their suggestions are producing results, so that soon almost countless localities will have houses in which good plays can be adequately rehearsed and performed. Then will the drama, now restricted to so few cities and towns, spread to nearly every part of the land to entertain, educate, and stimulate people.

CITIES with playgrounds and open-air theatres, colleges and universities with work-shop and laboratory playhouses, public and private schools with usually badly constructed stages but surprisingly good performances, societies of all sorts, churches even, are inducing many-fold participation in dramatics.

From all parts of the United States come reports of serious undertakings. From all parts come requests for lists of plays, addresses of supply houses, methods of rehearsing, schemes for settings. And in the last two months nearly every request is based upon a desire to know how to organize and manage an amateur dramatic society. This indicates a sane procedure, for many a society with every other factor operating for its success has hesitated or failed because of defects in preliminary organization or regular control.

Organized effort does not mean necessarily affiliation with a large movement. Your dramatics may be purely local. Perhaps in most communities this is best. Then the performances will be causes of local pride. The enthusiasm will be spontaneous and concentrated. The lessons learned from defects and merits may be applied to local conditions at once. And above all, such an arrangement should arouse a valuable sense of loyalty.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN ESTABLISHING AMATEUR THEATRICALS IN YOUR CLUB, CHURCH OR COMMUNITY, MR. STRATTON'S ARTICLES, OF WHICH THIS IS THE FIRST OF FIVE, WILL TAKE YOU STEP BY STEP THROUGH ALL THE INTRICACIES OF ORGANIZATION, RIGHT THROUGH TO YOUR FIRST SUCCESSFUL PLAY.

Such large projects as community masques and pageants, municipal operas and plays, patriotic spectacles and celebrations, because their magnitude present phases of organization not likely to confront the average amateur society and will be disregarded here.

A FEW other declarations of fact will further prepare for the practical details which this article will attempt to offer to help you in arranging for dramatics in your own locality.

Amateur performances will not replace the regular professional theatre. They will merely supplement it. They will result in increased attendance upon professional plays.

Certain groups of people will always want to act. Other larger groups will always want to look on. These two—the active and the passive—merely need to be drawn closely together.

Producing plays always entails a great deal of continuous hard work.

Performances can not be given without expense.

LET us now consider some of the details involved in your dramatic ventures.

What shall your organization be called? The name you choose should suggest the nature of your attempts. It should be modest rather than pretentious, impressive rather than high-sounding. What would people expect of a society for the Improvement of Dramatic Art in America? Its name would pledge it to a program almost impossible of inauguration. Could all its members agree upon methods of "improvement"? The name should connote stage-craft without, however, binding to rigidity an organization needing fluxion and adaptability. It should not antagonize audiences. It should not state purposes which it can not carry out. If you can not find some expression to answer to all these requirements you can get along just as well by using your local place name and christening the group the Pittsburgh Players, the South Bend Dramatic Club, the Alameda Acting Association.

DO not merely adopt the name of some other club. Certain groups have tried to win patronage by calling themselves Neighborhood Players after one excellent association in New York even though their members are not connected with any Neighborhood House, serve no limited section, and draw from no localized vicinity. Little Theatres might just as well be definitely identified also. Toy Theatre Companies suffer slightly from the trifling suggestion connoted by the name. It would be incongruous

to see "Electra" or "Ghost" in a toy theatre. Exclusive groups should not be labeled Community Theatre companies. Would you expect a Comedy Club to present tragedies or even such a somber play as "The Girl in the Coffin"? Even the attractive Portmanteau Theatre loses some of its significance when set upon the stage of a large professional theatre. McDougall's Barn was a good name so long as plays were performed in a barn but the name seemed inappropriate when it attended an evening in the Cohan and Harris Theatre in New York.

THE well-deserved success of the New York Theatre Guild has already induced one other city to use that fitting appellation. Laboratory theatres had better be limited to the actual classrooms of college courses. Workshop theatre and the reverse seem to place more emphasis upon experiment than performance, causing reflex apathy in audiences. Would a group called The New Players dare to produce an old Greek drama, even "Lysistrata," the theme of which as new as the play is old?

Many groups are already happily denominated. This list may suggest some expression as suitable for yours. The Mask and Wig Club, Sock and Buskin, Paint and Powder, Triangle Club, Hash Pudding, Talma Club, Plays and Players, Philistine Players, East-West Players, Little Country Theatre, Vagabond Theatre, Harlequin Players, Arts and Crafts, Art Theatre, Prairie Players, Junior Players.

Your choice of name will depend also upon the purpose of your society.

DON'T start out with the avowed intention of reforming the American drama. Attempting something you will be likely in some degree to accomplish. If you intend merely to present plays you can easily continue in peace times the purpose of all entertainments for soldiers and war workers. Better purposes are to provide performances of distinctive dramas not likely to appear upon the professional stage, to develop the acting ability of members, and to respond to a growing demand for the best dramatic literature of all times and languages. Any organization pledged to this last deserves every measure of success, for it will be satisfying a natural, worthy need. Best of all, its audience is now ready waiting for it.

In actual organization the society may be a small acting group. In such cases the advantages are that the few members secure continuous training in rehearsal and performance. They have many chances to experiment with individualistic interpretations. Assuredly as the season progresses they should all advance markedly in stage behavior and characterization. Working together they will soon develop a sense of artistic co-operation, and if they can stifle in themselves the temperamental desire for personal glorification they should be able to offer harmonious productions. On the other hand, the audience may become tired of seeing so frequently the same people in the different casts, no matter how well they act. Professional stock companies produce this same impression of monotony. Many a spectator has sighed inwardly as he glanced at his program "Oh, they use her in everything!" A compromiser to get the best results (Continued on Page 428)



A CIVIC COMMUNITY PLAYGROUND

FOR CHILDREN AND GROWN UPS

By BERTHA ILES

THE Drama League of Chicago for the past three summers has successfully conducted Civic Recreation Work at the Municipal Pier of Chicago. This Pier is unique of its kind. No other city in the world has a similar structure to compare with it. Extending three thousand feet out into Lake Michigan, with its four levels, eight thousand five hundred feet of dockage for ships, its vast recreation areas, its broad recreation walks and roof garden and its magnificent Auditorium at the far-east end seating four thousand persons, with outer galleries always crowded with thousands more, it is truly an ideal recreation centre for the busy city. It seems as if the city said: "Here is the playground for all peoples in the midst of the commerce of the world—come work, play, be happy. Let all the world go by and return home better men and women because of the pure air, the noble endeavor and the joy of work and play in this place of use and beauty.

The pier not only affords room for all the shipping with their freight and storage room, but has a separate and part from the commerce for many thousands of people. There are Art Galleries, furnished by the Municipal Art League and the Commission for the Encouragement of Local Art, Civic Music Community Gatherings, Band Concerts and Drama League Programs, all given freely for the development of community spirit and better citizenship.

ONE could not but feel proud of the city and feel a great desire to express better citizenship when viewing the great Metropolis from this point of vantage. Was this not the ideal place to establish a Civic Theatre, to bring together the fifty or more nationalities represented in the city's life, and weld them together in civic interest in music, dancing and the drama? Such was the desire of the Drama League in planning its civic recreation work; and, during the past three summers I have been enabled to witness the growth of civic interest and to appreciate thoroughly its scope of work and the possibilities for further development.

MRS. LYMAN WALTON, the President of the Drama League of Chicago in 1917, conceived the idea and through her efforts the City of Chicago granted the use of the Pier Auditorium and has appropriated each year a certain sum to the Drama League to aid the work. There has been much helpful co-operation from the Mayor, the City Council, the Commissioner of Public Works, the Harbor Board and the City Officials. With encouragement and amidst these surroundings the Drama League has given free Friday evening Civic Programs and held free Monday, Wednesday and Friday Children's Hours during the summers of 1917-18 and 1919, where through dramatic play lessons in citizenship and



Bertha L. Iles, Director-Manager of the Drama League Activities at the Municipal Pier, Chicago.

Democracy were taught the children, the future citizens of the city.

In nineteen seventeen the war activities had not developed to the great extent which they did the following year, and although many of the programs presented at the Pier were patriotic the general expression was Community interest. In nineteen eighteen the programs were almost entirely patriotic, and this past summer the general theme has been reconstruction, Americanization and an expression of a greater Democracy.

SOON after the work at the Pier began it was discovered that the spoken drama could not be used satisfactorily on account of the size of the Auditorium; so the programs for Friday evening consisted of large choruses and orchestras, folk dances by groups from settlements and playgrounds, grand opera singers, groups from dramatic schools and schools of physical education and well known Dramatic Clubs, also pageants, ballets and pantomimes directed by many of the best known directors in the country and given freely by professional actors and dancers. Mr. Karleton Hackett in his article written for the Chicago *Evening Post* has amply summed up the Drama League evening programs:

"The success of such an undertaking is to be

determined by the number of people who come since, if you give an entertainment for the general public, it must be something which will attract them. The only complaint the Drama League authorities had to find was in the fact that the hall out on the Municipal Pier was not large enough. Even in inclement weather they were hard put to it to find place for all the people who tried to crowd into the hall, to which fact they point as their justification.

"Of course it goes without saying that nothing cheap would be tolerated. The Drama League gave the people cheery music, with melody and swing to it, familiar songs, good marches and lilting waltzes. There were soloists for the high lights. There were dances and pageants, community songs and choruses, folk songs from all over the world, with singers who came from these far lands, yet were loyal citizens of our great cosmopolis. All through the Drama League acted the part of hostess with the social instinct which enters in just enough to keep things running smoothly yet not seeming too patently to direct. They did it very well, and therefore theirs should be the honor, for it was not an easy task and it took a lot of planning and hard work."

THE "Children's Hours" were Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons from one until five. Each year the outline and scope of the work has grown until this year the plan is: Mondays and Fridays in the Pier Auditorium from one until two, chorus singing, directed by the Civic Music Association; from two to five, rehearsal of the children's orchestra, besides rehearsal of plays, pantomimes and pageants; classes in folk and interpretive dancing; story-telling and game groups. The large auditorium was closed to all but the children and the mothers who pledged to assist the directors. Many busy mothers brought their little ones and left them with a director, knowing they would be carefully taken care of until she returned. The children registered before they entered the classes, and the end of the season it was found that over two thousand children had attended. Only a small proportion, however, were able to attend regularly, but an average group for rehearsal afternoons was two hundred children; frequently there were from three to four hundred children to direct. After the chorus rehearsal, at the sound of the director's whistle, the regular pianist or the children's orchestra would play a march and the children go marching around the auditorium, ending by coming upon the large stage where they seated themselves in rows around the director to hear the plans for the afternoon or a short talk on some subject of current interest. After the talk the children separated into various groups. Those who were present for the first time and could not promise to attend regularly were placed in the game and

(Continued on page 130)



A Conservation Pageant, "The Message," presented by the Junior Drama League Players at the Municipal Pier, Chicago, and repeated many times; under the direction of the Junior Red Cross.



From a photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

SHIRLEY MASON

This charming little film star is not the only talented member of her family. Her sister, Viola Dana, is equally popular in the film firmament. Miss Mason played an important role in Maurice Tourneur's production of Stevenson's "Treasure Island," and is now under the Fox banner. Her next picture will be a story of the circus entitled "The Elephant Man."

WHY NOT THE STUPIES?

Poor Productions, Unintelligent Stage Direction, Stereotyped Plots,
Maudlin Sentiment, Gross Vulgarly, and Dangerous Viciousness,
Rapidly Losing for the Picture House Its Former Great Popularity.



SHALL we call them "Stupies"? It's just as short and expressive a word as "movies," and it's a little more accurate. For the stuff that we are being deluged with today, in the name of the moving picture, has about reached the limit of crass stupidity. Time was—remotely ago—when the film gave a certain promise. There were a few big pictures with corking ideas behind them; and those of us who were in the habit of dropping into a picture house for purposes of plain amusement, hoped for better things. But the one or two (well, we'll say three) brainy directors have become so enthusiastic about the improvement of the movie that, in their busy enthusiasm, they've apparently forgotten how to improve it.

THERE'S the pathetic example of one of our most prominent producers, a man whose earlier pictures reached a very high level indeed, but whose last three releases have been unintelligent compounds of sentimentality and incredible nonsense. Here was a man who could have done much. But he's gone under. The heavy seas of sugary stupidity have done for him. Recently we have been shown "The Isle of Conquest"—Norma Talmadge's latest release. Great expectations had been formed from the preliminary announcements of this picture. The novel from which it was taken ranked among the best sellers. Yet its film production proved a rank disappointment. The subtle wooing on the desert island, the masterful man's gradual moral and physical victory over the delicately reared woman—all that—so potent on the printed page—went for naught on the screen. Again the cinema had failed.

AND so it goes. A canvass of the last fifty important releases in the last six months fails to show one intelligent picture. Instead of a steady development in the writing of scenarios, we've got a marked decline. There are pictures being shown all over the United States today that simply cannot be looked at, not because they're immoral—they not clever enough for that—but because they are so amazingly cheap and tawdry. Day after day, night after night, the grossest of sentimentality and the most vicious kind of silliness are being unreelcd. Obviousness and crudity and vulgarity are being exploited by the commercially astute to such an extent that thinking people have become mentally paralyzed by the sickly stream of slush. Naturally, this sort of thing is going to work both ways; for in a very little while, unless the manufacturers improve their wares, thinking people won't go to the movies any more. They'll be ashamed to be seen there. The only kind of audience left will be those who have so lost the faculty of comprehension that they will sit watching the screen with the vacant stare of the idiotic.

THE maudlin picture possesses a dangerous influence. You can't see stupid stuff, day in and day out, without being affected by it. People are rather particular about what their children read, yet have no hesitation in letting them go to the movies. Worse, they encourage them to go. Still worse, they go with them. And what do they benefit by it? The doubtful ethics conveyed by the movie, the offensive and insulting obviousness, the deplorable unseriousness—how can these things be of value to any of us?

IT wouldn't be putting it too strongly to say that the movie has passed being just a nuisance: it has become a menace. The national backbone is unstiffened as each silly picture is shown. There have been a thousand opportunities, within the past five years, to write and produce really sterling, interesting, inspiring material. But no one has done it. Instead the public has been surfeited with the same old stories, the same old

chocolated situations, the same old tedious ideas. There has been a casual deviation, now and then, when some producer, carefully underestimating our imbecility, has made his picture a little more tedious than is the custom; but this one puts down to zeal.

IT'S no good blaming the gentlemen who construct the scenarios. They must live. And it's rather futile to criticize too closely the individual producers; they, too, like butter occasionally. So is it a waste of valuable energy to attack the film editors. They have their instructions. These fellows are but wheels in the great industry. They are simply paid workers. But the men behind the big picture combines, the men who have the say as to what shall be pushed on the public and what shall not—these are the men who are making fat fortunes out of the movie menace.

THE movie has brought about a curious condition of things. Men who were formerly stage-managers in obscure stock companies blossom out as "great directors." The ideas of some of them about stage direction would make a real stage director howl. Third-rate actors and actresses, formerly confined to the hinterland by reason of their incompetency, are now national stars in receipt of undeserved salaries the size of which would make a bank president gasp. And writers, who were wont to tickle the magazines with sporadic masterpieces, now command stacks of dollars as "scenario experts." It's a joke. There are many talented, earnest men and women engaged in the film business. But you'll find, in the majority of cases, that it is mediocrity who is invariably pushed to the front, starred, boomed, puffed.

STILL more important a consideration is this: that the movie has brought into being a special kind of audience. That this audience is largely composed of the illiterate and the unmental, speaks volumes for the "improvement" of the movie. They have learned, by the studied administration of the movie magnates, not to expect the best, but to accustom themselves to the worst. They have become innured to being fed on slush. They have been trained to pay liberally for great chunks of sob stuff and drivel. They are strenuously induced to believe that it is the public demand for pishposh that brings stupid pictures into being. And, of course, this state of intellectual coma is commercially encouraged. We are told that there is a national demand for screened sentimentality. Obviously, there is! But is any person with common sense going to believe that the demand isn't skilfully engineered? Just as long as people continue to take whatever the movie people give them, so much longer will be the reign of the silly stuff. Do you mean to tell me that the kind of mush that is served just now in our movie theatres is the best the film people can produce? God has given them brains: is this all they can do?

THE moving picture has taken a definite and permanent place in our life. In the right hands, it can be a most potent and powerful instrument of amusement. In the wrong hands, it resolves itself into a sword in baby hands. You can't tell what harm it's going to do. It is not too exacting a demand to make of the picture people, that they give the public the very best possible value for its money. If the thinking section of the public doesn't get the right sort of picture very soon, it will take the line of least resistance. It seems to me that the picture people have a very big opportunity, right now, to produce the best that is in them. If they don't, they will be the losers in the long run.

HARCOURT FARMER.



“Everywoman,” the morality play that scored a huge success on the stage, is now to be shown on the screen—a Paramount Artcraft picture. The production will be an elaborate one, with great beauty of costumes and scenery. Everywoman, with her handmaidens Youth, Beauty and Modesty, goes forth on her search for Love. But she meets Vice, Wealth and Vanity. Youth dies, Beauty Fades, and Modesty deserts her. Taught a lesson, Everywoman returns home to find King Love awaiting her.

MORALITY PLAY FINDS ITS WAY TO THE SCREEN



From a photograph by Abbe

EUGENE O'BRIEN

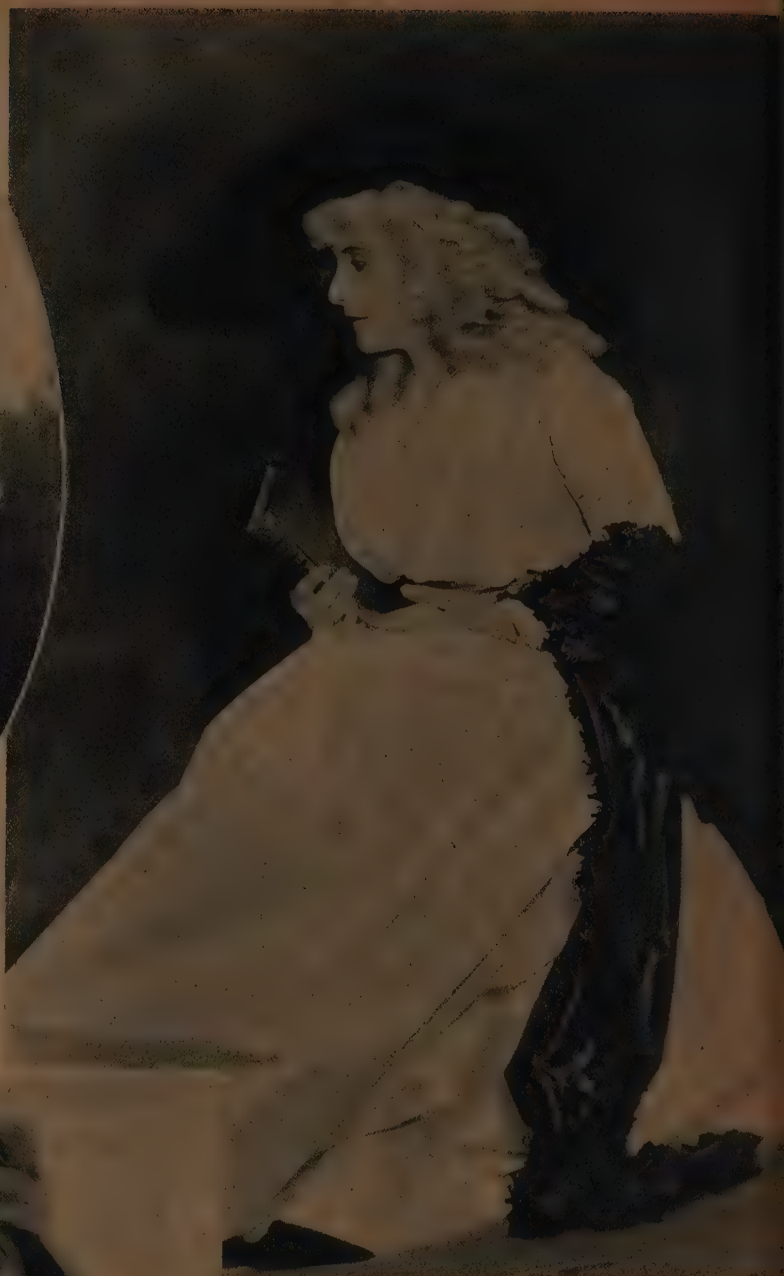
The "matinee idol" of the movies in his coming picture, "The Broken Melody,"
a Selznick release.



Evans

DORIS PAWN

Playing in Goldwyn Pictures opposite Tom Moore in the screen adaptation of Toby's Bow."



(c) Alfred Cheney Johnson

PEARL WHITE

This popular screen star whose thrilling serials have made her familiar to millions will appear in feature pictures hereafter under Fox. Her latest serial, "The Black Secret," is now being released by Pathe.

(c) Lumiere



MABEL JULIENE SCOTT

Who plays the leading feminine role in the Paramount-Artcraft version of "The Sea Wolf."

BEAUTY REIGNS SUPREME ON THE SCREEN

The Programme of Fashion

By PAULINE MORGAN



Each night, the diamond horseshoe in the Metropolitan Opera House glistens with jewels, brocade and ermine; and the stage reflects an equal brilliance. Necklaces of pearls and diamonds, delicate mesh bracelets of precious stones, and priceless vanities of gold and inlaid diamonds, fascinate the eye and convince one more poignantly of the fact that it is the day for jewels and jeweler. Head dresses vary from the youthful bandeaux of silver and gold cloth, to Ostrich tips and tiaras of platinum and sparkling gems.

The Prince and Plumest!
To celebrate the visit of our distinguished Royal guest, a charming new fashion has originated in his honor. Miss Ina Claire, star in "The Gold Diggers," extended a graceful compliment to the young Prince in designing and using "The Prince of Wales" fan, which reproduces the crest of the Prince of Wales, namely; three snow white Ostrich plumes. The sketch shows a posteresque conception of the crest, mounted on a delicate ivory handle. Design executed by Henri Bendel.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

So that Norma Talmadge may wear a typically American gown to the Opera, Frances Inc. designs for her a classical evening gown of royal purple velvet, with brilliantly cut shoulder straps of jet, and a Grecian under bodice of pale violet chiffon. The draped back panel is caught up with a jet cord, and then decides to become a long square train.



Miss Nita Naldi, who plays the "vamp" in the new spectacular play "Aphrodite," poses in Entre-Nous gowns.

Geisler & Andrews

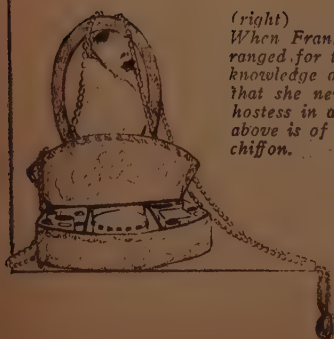


Accessories
from
Bonwit-Teller



(left)
The Entre-Nous gown has evolved from the once formal tea gown, into a fascinating garment appropriate for any hour of the day at home. What could be more conducive to relaxation and beauty, than a robe of black moon-glo satin, brocade and chiffon. A silver cord girdle ornaments the front of the gown, drapes into the back folds, and reappears at the edge of the graceful train.

(right)
When Franklin Simon, with the keen sense of an art connoisseur, arranged for the exclusive selling of the Entre-Nous gowns, he proved his knowledge of the needs and whims of woman. He knew that she knew, that she never looked more enchanting than when lounging or playing hostess in a gown built on draped lines. The effective gown illustrated above is of orchid blue moon-glo satin, over a pleated slip of sunset pink chiffon.





Photos by
Maurice
Goldberg

Paul Poiret presents a marvellous Oriental wrap of brocade and metal tissue. Old rose and green are worked into an intricate Chinese design over black, which in turn is further accented by a soft black satin lining. The Chinese sleeve and godet skirt are noteworthy features. A tiny neckpiece of sable squirrel, much like our grandmothers used to wear, finishes the neck.

Ruth Shepley, the versatile young heroine in "Adam and Eva," indulges in three amazingly beautiful evening wraps from Franklin Simon's.



Madeline and Madeline import to Franklin Simon another evening manteau of black chiffon velvet with a voluminous soft cape of ermine, which may be folded high around the throat in flower-like fashion, or dropped to the waistline, forming cunning little sleeves. A thistle design done in gold and green chenille forms an embroidered skirt effect which challenges a more beautiful idea for decoration. The color idea is carried out further in a lining of jade green velvet.

When a gorgeous brocade evening wrap drapes a sequin embroidered hood of gold cloth to the waistline, the garment immediately becomes a wrap of unusual design. This model originated in the popular new French house of Madeline and Madeline, and is very rich in material and encrustations of blue beads and gold thread. Where the fabric is not black chiffon velvet, it is gold cloth outlined in dull jet beads, with an entire lining of sapphire blue chiffon velvet.

Pour l'après midi et le soir



A glorious American evening gown with alluring half fitted long lines that appear dimly beneath a filmy tunic, called a "Manteau de Cocur." Silver cloth forms the body portion of the gown, with deep cream pearl and silver embroidered over drapery. The swing of this unique panel is from the shoulder and under arm, leaving the front of the gown exquisitely revealed. The soft girdle crushes at the front and is finished with a long jeweled and beaded sash end. The new Opera hat from Bruck-Weiss is of silver cloth, crushed into a rosette at the back, adding to the beauty of the paradise feather.

A fascinating frock in black and white is very Frenchy and appealing. Black satin fashions itself into a cunning apron front, embroidered in a white silk flower design. The underskirt is a slightly gathered two-piece skirt edged with monkey fur, which is repeated on the tiny sleeves. A snappy little bodice attaches itself to white satin, ornamented with a cut-out piece, and a ribbon bow.

Wide horizontal pleats or ruffles of black taffeta with a narrow gold embroidered stripe, attached to a foundation chiffon, form the skirt of an afternoon frock. The diminutive bodice opens over a gold lace waistcoat which is finished with a narrow gold belt and a rose.

Hill's Studio

Doris Kenyon, of moving picture fame, has achieved an instant success on the speaking stage, in the new farce-comedy, "The Girl in the Limousine." She reveals a new talent in her manner of wearing lovely gowns from Jules Samuel. Shoes from Bob, Inc.



Fourtunes exquis



Models from Balch Price

Peggy Wood, our popular "Peggy," the star in "Buddies"—beguiles us into wanting more fur coats.

Hill's Studio

Her love for peltry finds an outlet for Milady in glorious coats and wraps made entirely of fur. The short coat which Miss Wood wears so smartly is made of Hudson Seal and Kolinsky squirrel. Kolinsky forms a deep cape collar in the back, and continues in becoming panels down the front of the coat to the bottom edge. Jaunty pockets add a sporty touch, and an Oriental cord belt of silk, intertwined with beads, ends in a more heavily beaded tassel.



A commodious wrap of sable, with an adjustable collar may be worn in Queen Ann style, or lifted around the shoulders and neck into a shawl collar effect. Unusual blending of furs and arrangement of tails is apparent in this exquisite suggestion. The linings in Balch Price wraps are dreams of loveliness, which are all done in French silks and artistic detail.

If Peggy Wood only show the lining of her wondrous ermine evening wrap, it would cause the feminine heart to beat a bit faster! Pale ivory chiffon, corded in sections, and ruffled at the edges makes almost a reversible garment. A new silhouette is achieved in the length of the wrap, and the placing of the horizontal pleats.

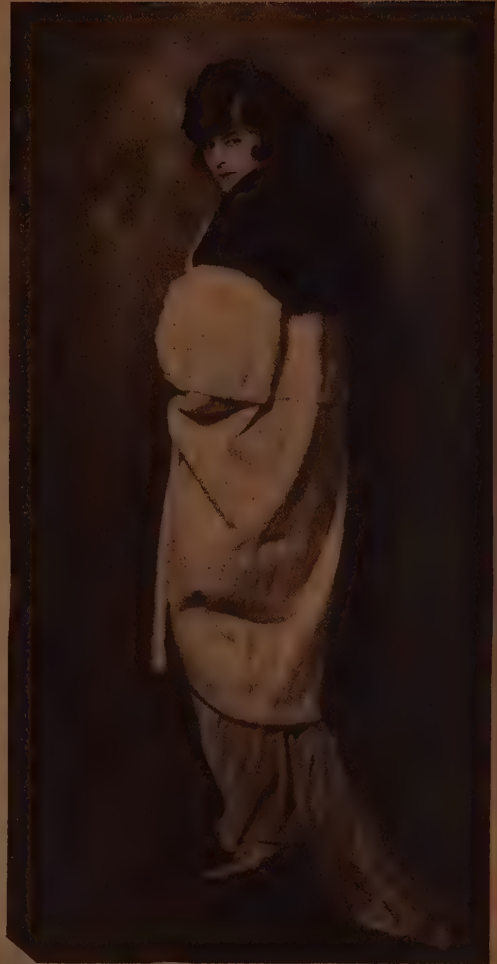


MARY BOLAND DELIGHTS US WITH HER WARDROBE



In gowns made by Bergdorf Goodman, Miss Boland charms the eye in "Clarence," that delicious Booth-Tarkington comedy of comedies.

The Roman influence is a new idea carried into the world of fashion, and the success of this clever thought is apparent in the costume below. Because one does not care to remove such a becoming wrap, the chemise gown remains unadorned, and becomes an effective foil for the picturesque Roman wrap which simulates a part of the dress. In this instance, mustard-leaf brown duvetyn and sable squirrel blend in lovely autumn colorings.



Geisler & Andrews

Rose-petal velvet and chiffon; silver cloth and rhinestones! Truly a fairy combination of color and design, in an evening gown that might well be called "Romance." It suggests the ideally feminine. The long skirt is a noticeable feature of evening creations from the house of Bergdorf Goodman, and what woman does not appreciate its enchanting grace. Twin trains of velvet and chiffon is a new fashion note; likewise the arrangement and placing of the narrow jeweled girdle.



"What Every Woman Knows" is that ermine and sable add to her youth and beauty—therefore the season promises many beautiful and youthful women, for ermine is more fashionable and alluring than ever before. The possibilities in draping about the figure, and the peculiar radiance of ermine are obvious in the lovely wrap worn by Miss Boland. The deep yoke effect is new, and enables the wearer to gather the folds into a more bewitching silhouette.



CHEZ LES COUTURIERS

IN THE OLDER HOUSES, STYLES IN GENERAL ARE FANTASTICAL AND EXTREME. NEW HOUSES REFLECT THE TASTE OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN

By HOWARD GREER

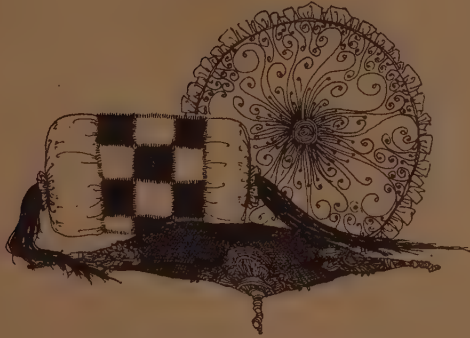
No contour of a finely shaped head is visible through the mass of fluffy bobbed locks that stand out like the soft down upon a thistle.



A new moulding of the "tam" in rich brown suede and flowers of glazed leather.



A new coiffure! Raven hair, oiled until its surface is like polished ebony, is drawn back tightly from the forehead, and cast into a knot of amazing dimensions.



A set of cushions posed upon a divan of black velvet at the recent exhibition of Bakst originals. The round cushion is of purple satin embroidered in gold—the fur pillow is ermine and seal combined with lemon yellow velvet and the flat cushion is of blue green silver tissue.

A headdress of pearls and silver tissue, worn at Armenouville with a dinner gown of clinging black velvet, by the Comtesse de Sonis.



THE crash of cymbals and the blare of trumpets accompanying the grande finale of the Paris fashion shows for the coming winter leave one in much the same state as that following the completion of a bewildering three-ring circus. Of course the crash of cymbals was made by an excited public, while the blare of trumpets came from the over-heated press. Everyone was prepared for a lot, but no one had fortified himself against the pent-up emotions of the couturiers who have been restricted in more ways than one, for the past four years. If one saw a bedraggled creature at the Ritz, or in any of the haunts of Croesus in the Bois, too exhausted to stir away the spot of saccharine-foam that gathered on the surface of her tea, it was safe to assume that she had just returned from another "opening."

THE exhibitions have been most enervating. Apparently every feature of the designer's madness was allowed to run free over the limitless fields of every conceivable kind of material. Now, the much-abused pullet of the farmyard has been taken into that higher aristocracy of feathered birds. Glazed kid has moved into the circles of brocades and velvets, and jeweled flowers show no hesitancy in sponsoring the gleaming surface of a bared back in evening gowns. One no longer speaks of the "length" of a frock, for most of the time there isn't any. There are panniers enormous enough to be used for airplane sails; there are slit skirts and long draped ones—occasionally; there are long sleeves and other abbreviated appendages which hold no right to the term at all; there are broad sashes and hair-line girdles! there are silken puttees for stockings, and bare legs for both.

THE season has been marked by the opening of numerous new houses, all intent upon placing themselves immediately in the front rank of fashion's criterions. One of them, a magnificent structure upon the Champs Elysees, which reminds one more of a glimpse into Fairyland than a place of business, has literally put to shame even the most pretentious of the established houses of senior rank. The immense house of

Callot Soeurs is but a peasant shack alongside this palatial place. Two designers, both bearing the name Madeleine, the one prefixed by Madame and the other by Mademoiselle, coming from well-known establishments, have thrown their talents together, and—backed by a progressive embroidery manufacturer—burst upon the horizon with a marvelous array of frocks.



The billiard-pocket frock of rust-colored duvetyn and gold-threaded net. The hip line is a feature of the season's openings.

THE entrance to this artistic business place is most misleading in its unpretentiousness. But once over the threshold, the galaxy of liveried attendants and the miles of deep velour carpets strike awe to the heart. Up a velvet staircase, past little waiting rooms of Chinese panels and lacquered furniture, which jut out alternately from frequent landings, one comes into the spacious show-rooms. And there is a never ending amount of them. Guides might not come amiss for the timid soul, who begins to wonder, after the tenth or twelfth salon, if he can ever find his way back again. As you pass through the rooms, in search of an unoccupied divan or tapestried chair, from whose comforting depths you may pinch yourself to see if it's all quite real, there is a constant procession of dazzling robes and divine mannequins. Some of them undulate and writhe through the mire of thick velvet, trailing wisps of gold tissue or trains of hobbling sable after their tiny feet, much as though they were ardent disciples of the Theda Bara school of sorcery. There are others, tall and stately, even impertinent, with only an occasional glance of condescension upon the humble buyer. And then there are giddy, diminutive creatures, who battle desperately against the ostensible desire to giggle outright. Truly, the mannequins of Chu Chin Chow are but pitiful pretenders to the throne of guile and witchery.

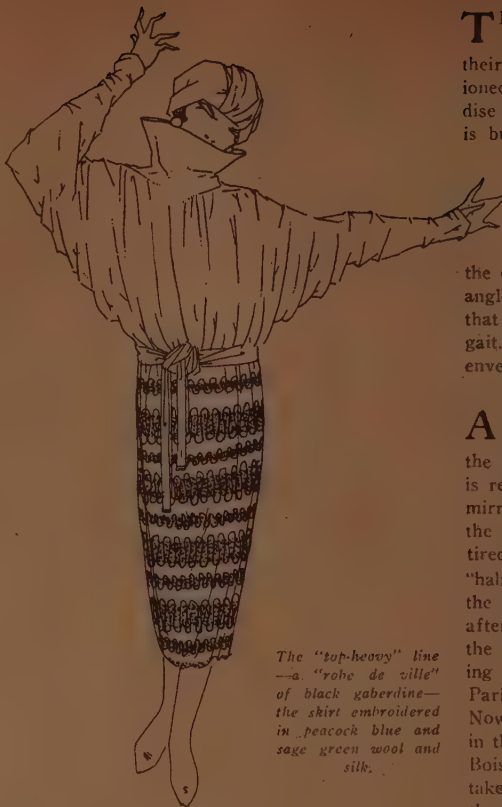
FORTUNATELY this house has catered, consciously or otherwise, to the taste of the American woman, who has been blazing her own trail in the fashion world for the past five years. The absurd waist-lines and shocking knee-lines are not so much in evidence. There are many features of the long straight ensemble, with the material wrapped about the body, combined with rich laces, and trailing away in a very ladylike manner. And there is a quantity of embroidery—as is to be expected—upon serge, gaberdine and velvet. As a rule the frocks are sombre in color but the mode in which they are presented makes a bit of sheeny black seem like a cloud of flaming scarlet.

Another house that has marked the season, reflects the better taste of its creations in the less

presumptuous interior decorations of an old house, for many years given over to one of the most famous designers of millinery, on the corner of the Rue Royal and the Faubourg St. Honore. It is the inspiration of an Englishman, who, like Weeks and Redfern, has had the courage to settle among the traditions of the world's fashion center, to take his share in the dictatorship that Frenchmen believe themselves alone worthy of assuming. For many years he has been one of the powers behind the throne in the leading dressmaking establishment of London, and his experience in America, together with that spirit of creation which Paris alone can give, endow him with assurance of success. For the past three years, Edwin Molyneux, this new star in the fashion firmament, has served as a captain in the British Army.

HIS first models are a revelation in this chaotic and unsettled period, for he has laid no stress upon particular line or color fad, but had endeavored to create the clothes of a woman of "chic" and refinement. One finds beautiful and practical clothes, which is a combination evidently unworthy of the attention of other houses in this season of hectic display. And then, one finds at Molyneux's the famous beauty, Hebe. She is neither eccentric nor fanciful, but the type of a charming English woman. She and the Dolores of last season's success, with the Arjmand of this, will undoubtedly live in the memories of Americans as the three most exquisite mannequins that have ever displayed feminine attire.

At Paul Poiret's there is a noticeable note of the Far East. During the period of the war, Monsieur Poiret served as a tailor in the quartermaster department of the French army, and at the end of his service, felt that the inspiration for the decorative things upon which he had built his reputation, was irretrievably lost. A vacation



The "top-heavy" line—a "robe de ville" of black gaberdine—the skirt embroidered in peacock blue and sage green wool and silk.

of several months amidst the picturesque surroundings of the Moroccan coast supplied him with a host of ideas and he returned to the task of his winter confections with a zest for work that has made his recent display a thing of triumph and fortune. There are many of the brocades and metal tissues of this French colony to be found in the bodices and puffed panniers that give a distinct individuality to all his models. The majority of the clothes, he they for evening, afternoon or street, carry a pert little jacket of Morocco cut, in brilliant satin, brocade or even leather.

AT Callot's the skirts are decidedly brief, and the things in general a bit fantastical and extreme. Everyone looked for a lengthening of the "jupe" after the amazing brevities of summer, but, no doubt to keep pace with the steady rise of value in the American dollar, the house has decreed still another step in the shortening process. Often the "solid" part of the skirt barely covers the knee-cap, but with a droll assumption that a slightly longer overskirt of transparent material may offset the unsuspected daring, the designers have really made their models more shocking and suggestively alluring.

AT Worth and Jenny's and the host of other houses looked to as criterions of the style, the novelties have been varied and many. Patent leather has come to the fore as the actual body of an entire frock. When it takes the place of cloth material, the surface is often perforated—for ventilation—and cut about the edges in quaint scrolls and patterns that remind one of the pink paper that mother used to spread upon the pantry shelves. Even dinner gowns are suffered to carry light bodices of this glazed kid over panniers and flounces that often protrude with an Elizabethan rigidity, sufficient to rest the finger tips of outstretched arms upon. In a more practical fashion, the leather is often cut in strips and circles and pasted upon serge or gaberdine. There is one instance of grotesque leathern figures plastered about the hem of an oyster-white frock of mouseline.

THERE is a noticeable lack of paradise and ostrich as garnishings, after a summer of their profusion, when entire cloaks were fashioned of soft-curling plumes and bodices of paradise feathers, laid one over the other. And there is but little fur perhaps because of its scarcity and dearth. Occasionally there are cape-coats of two skins combined, such as ermine with mole, skunk with chinchilla, and white monkey with seal. Often the collar alone is of fur, while the coat of brocade or velvet thins down to the angle and is wrapped so tightly about the legs that one cannot accomplish more than a mincing gait. When there is a collar of fur, it usually envelopes the wearer from the waist up.

AND while one is gossiping of the fall fashion displays, it might be interesting to note that the famous promenade of the Bois de Boulogne is reassuming its responsibilities as a dependable mirror of the mode. A few short months ago, the gravel paths were occupied by strollers, at tired more often in the severe cut of military "habillements." But once again it has become the showplace of smart "robes de ville," and an afternoon spent upon the rustic chairs that line the street is just as profitable and much less tiring than an hour in the realms of the couturier. Paris continues to be enamored of terpsichore. Now that colder months are upon us, most places in the Champs Elysees, and all the resorts in the Bois, are closed. Not a few of the theatres have taken up the chairs in the auditoriums and given the space over to dance-mad throngs. The famous Folies Bergere has no spectacle at the moment, but one may dance there from tea to midnight. It is far from being "chic," though it is "toute a fait" Parisian. The two really smart retreats are Harry Pieler's Dancing Room at the Apollo Theatre, and the newly opened MacMahon Palace, near the Etoile.



The "pannier" line—a dinner gown of mauve tulle and silver tissue panniers, with a gold-stitched moroccan jacket of scarlet satin.



A tea gown from Molyneux. The trousers are of midnight blue satin, striped with silver and the coat is of flowered mustard colored velvet and monkey fur. Bodice of gold



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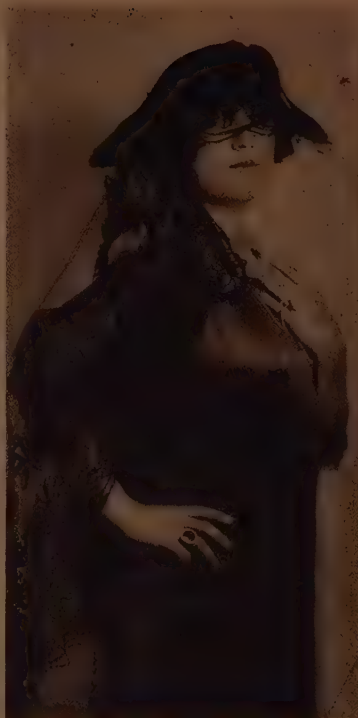
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The Programme of Fashion



The most ultra fashion in the wearing of a veil is displayed by Florence Walton. The small black velvet Napoleon hat is imported direct from Lewis, who drapes a real lace veil in Spanish fashion, to cascade from the side of the hat and over the shoulder.



Winter hats are amazingly smart and saucy in their smallness, and they are decidedly fascinating. Now and then there is a wide brimmed hat, giving the new sweeping veils an opportunity to flaunt their weird irregular patterns. Velvet hats, with little to boast of in the way of trimming, are ingeniously twisted or crushed affairs. Odd satin shapes carry tufts of fur, long ripples of paradise, or stiff bunches of aigrettes. One, seen recently in a box at the Empire, was shaped like a half-moon, of blue and silver metal cloth, with a fringe of white monkey fur falling away from the outer edge. Another, was of triangular russet satin, with two impertinent bunches of osprey over the left ear.

Miss Walton boasts two more unusual chapeaux—imported of course through Louise & Co. One, a chic little bit of headgear, is from the Maison Lewis, and offers an ideal suggestion for a theatre hat. Constructed lightly of Bagdad silver embroidered tissue, the draped brim is Orientally banded and hung with silver beads. The second, from Maria Guy, is more practical, and is the essence of all that is correct for such occasions. Shining black taffeta is deftly crushed about the velvet crown and flaring irregular brim, managing in a mysterious manner to fashion a quaint bow over the eye.



A double band of jet, fits smoothly around the head, and forms a flower-like ornament in front. This arrangement is not stiff, as might be expected, but bends slightly with every motion of the head.



A silver lace bandeau is pulled far down over the forehead, and ornaments itself with two fluffy ostrich feathers—one upstanding, the other is a pom-pom puff over the ear.



How beautiful it is.

Yes, but that's only half the story of Van Raalte Silk Underwear. Its superb pure glove-silk fabric is remarkably durable and I find it is the only silk underwear that launders again and again without even showing its pretty delicate pinkness.

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PAULINE OF THE PINES

(Continued from page 384)

he said, rather mysteriously, "She's out thar now, under th' big pine."

Robert hurried out. In the dim light stood a figure, the same little girl he had married and left—old Dave's little "Lena" as he had called her. And she wore the same rough garb. But her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed, and there seemed something so pathetic about her that Robert's heart became as lead.

"I'm a cad," he whispered to himself.

"You—you wanted to see me?" she asked, in a rather peculiar voice, yet it startled him.

"Yes, Lena," he answered. He knew her by Lena, because her father had always used that name, and he had not noticed, at his hasty marriage, that her real name was Pauline.

"Did—did you come back for me—my husband?" she asked.

"God!" muttered Robert. "the poor faithful girl, waiting for me." He stepped closely to her.

"MY dear little girl, didn't you secure the separation, as you agreed?"

"I—somehow didn't want it. I thought—"

"But Lena, you were old enough to understand. You knew why I married you. I knew why you married me. We both succeeded. I got my uncle's fortune. You gave your father every care while he lived. Your—your checks have been coming regularly from my lawyer, have they not?"

"Robert, it isn't the checks!" and the girl in the rough garb, out under the snow-burdened pine tree amid the white stillness of the fir forest, placed her hand tenderly on his arm, a hand encased in a red woolen mitten.

He started at her, fascinated.

"Lena, I'm a cad, a brute. I came to ask you to release me because—because I love a wonderful woman—"

"Oh—" she gasped, and fell back a step.

"Don't," he begged. "I wouldn't hurt you for worlds. This is fearful. I do love this woman, but—but you suddenly seem very wonderful to me, too. What shall I do?"

"You are my husband. You were out of the state long enough to win your freedom on the grounds of desertion, but now you've come back, and met me, so that is impossible—"

"Do you care for me? How can you? Lena, why didn't you write and ask to come to me, if you felt like this?"

"Your lawyer would never give me your address—"

"Don't blame him, blame me, my orders," he groaned.

"Is—is that all?" she asked, and turned, with a sob. This was too much for Robert. He leaped to her and took her in his arms, but she hid her face.

"CHILD, I told this woman whom I love that if you would not release me I would take the step, but—there are things a man cannot foresee. If you have waited so patiently these years, if you insist upon keeping our marriage vows, I—I must go back and tell her so. Lena, somehow, when I walked out here just now, I loved this woman madly, and now I seem to love you madly. What is the matter with me? She is a beautiful, clever, wonderful woman, able to understand, able to take care of herself while you, oh you poor patient child—"

"I am seven years older, Robert."

"I've been a fool for seven years."

"Come over to my place and talk it over. We—we are married, you know, there can be no gossip," and Pauline laughed nervously.

THEY started out. Pauline kept her head down and her hood well over her face. They stumbled into the camp. It had been changed. Robert understood, she had done it with her allowance. Pauline drew a chair to the fireplace for him, and stepped into the adjoining room, an addition built since old Dave had died. Robert stared into the glowing coals and clenched his hands in the stress of deep thought. He felt that he was doing the right thing.

"Robert!"

The call came through the slightly opened door and he started at the voice.

"Who is calling?" he demanded. "Lena, who is in there with you?"

"I am alone. Robert, would you wire that—other woman about it?" Robert leaped to his feet.

"I am coming in there!" he cried. "You have played a trick on me, Lena, that 'other woman' is with you—" and he stepped to the threshold.

With her arms outstretched to him, "Pauline Paulson" stood in the center of the room—alone!



GALLERY OF PORTRAITS

*Estelle Winwood in Ermine Evening
Wrap from A. Jaeckel & Company
384 Fifth Avenue, New York City.*

THE THEATRE NEEDS REFORM

(Continued from page 388)

"Blake says: 'In the beat of a pulse the poet's work is begun and finished.' Writing he holds to be the work of a mere craftsman. He means that the work of poets is to have ideas. That is his difference from other men: All men work, all men can write, but only the poet can get the great ideas.

"I look upon the value of the idea that comes in a flash—in one or two seconds—as being fifty per cent of one's work. Then of the remaining fifty per cent, twenty-five per cent is just getting in your mind how it is to go; and the last twenty-five per cent is doing the writing.

"So, as I said, I suppose I could snap out rubbish! I could copy those that have tricked the public already. There is a tradition in the thimble trick and the three-card trick and "fell with a dull thud" and all that nonsense. It has been handed down from generation to generation. But I have never had anything to do with such tricks, and yet I have had a welcome that has drawn me across the Atlantic. That might be taken as a moral by any young man, to do his own work without thought of the public, as I have done for fifteen years."

"THEN you believe in work for its own sake not for popularity money or fame?"

"Fame?" The poet in Lord Dunsany echoed the word and his eyes looked into the distance. "Fame is too elusive for any of us to catch her and too elusive for any of us to analyze her. She is very like the rainbow. It is just beyond the hill. It is a charming dream to think we work for fame. But really all work for the work's sake, except those who are doing it for baser purposes.

"And the war will undoubtedly do much to raise general standards and to inspire new writers. There are a very great number of the world's writers who have been in action. Horace was, and Cervantes. And whether or not war makes a man a writer, it makes a man think. You see, a young man going about London has certain ethics. He must not

steal; he must not be base to his friends; he must wear a bow tie with his evening suit. Now, supposing he were to rob a friend; or wear one of these colored ties with an evening suit, he would equally, in each case, be thrown away from the society of his friends.

"But in a war he is brought down to those primitive things of manhood—water, food, life and death. And then, for the first time, he sorts out what things are important and what are not. He finds that water is one of the most necessary things and that the tie is the least. In twenty years' time, I believe, there will be many writers who had their opportunities of thinking about the universe on account of their great experiences in the war.

"AND war not only forces a man to think. It lays great effects before his eyes to see. Men who have been under shellfire have been under something rare. And these men will not be tricked, as they were before the war, into believing that a modern play such as we have in London is anything but rubbish.

"It isn't what the public wants, it is what the managers give them that we have in the theatres now. Consider who is the public. You are one. I am another. I am not a god to look down upon the public; I am but a portion of the public. We go to the theatre. We see some futile travesty of life. It is neither alive nor funny. What remedy have we? What redress?

"To cut yourself off from the theatre and stay at home—that is the only remedy. But you want to enjoy your evenings at the theatre sometimes. In a country that is not dry, what they do is have a dinner and a bottle of champagne, and after their dinner, with the champagne in them, they go to the theatre and they try to get up a laugh and enjoy themselves.

"But good Lord! The stuff we are getting in London isn't funny. Don't let us call it what the public wants. Let us call it what the public gets."

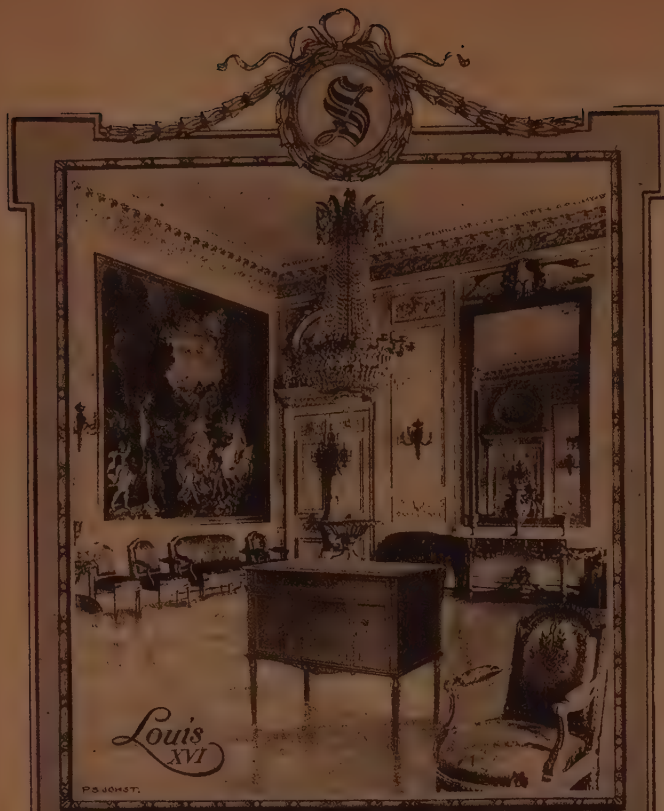
THE UNDERSTUDY

(Continued from page 380)

ably, and thus made his stage debut at a salary of one hundred dollars a night. An excellent precedent to have established! In 1897 he became leading man with Maude Adams in "The Little Minister." In 1907 he met with considerable success as the star of "Strongheart."

MARGUERITE CLARK, whose success in the studio may be the result of her training on the stage, gained valuable experience as an understudy. In 1899 she made her debut in Baltimore, in Milton Aborn's

opera company. In 1900 she appeared in "The Belle of New York," where she understudied Phyllis Rankin as Fifi and Edna May as the Belle. Having demonstrated her ability, she was next engaged for "The Burgomaster" and "The New Yorkers," finally appearing at the Knickerbocker Theatre in "The Wild Rose" with Irene Bentley, Marie Cahill and Evelyn Nesbit. Just prior to deserting the stage for the studio, she was featured in "Snow-white" and "Prunella."



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Vanity Fair
Plus-4-Inch Vest
No. 14822



Vanity Fair SILK UNDERWEAR



Vanity Fair
Double-Back Knicker
No. 2410

OF course, to the woman who takes as much pains in selecting her “hidden” apparel as she does in choosing the clothes that meet the eye, silk underwear has as much individuality as a hat or shoe. One doesn’t have to tell this woman about Vanity Fair.

She knows that the Vanity Fair Vest has four extra inches in length and those wonderful shoulder straps of hemstitched glove silk. By the way, if you haven’t investigated those shoulder straps, it’s well worth while, for they’re quite different from any others. In the first place they’re made of hemstitched glove silk instead of perishable ribbon and they last the life of the vest. Then, they’re placed at an angle so they cannot slip off the shoulders. You will never be satisfied with any others after you’ve worn them.

This same woman knows the Pettibocker and all it means. All the freedom and firmness of the knicker with the frilliness and daintiness of the petticoat. (And always remember, there is only one Pettibocker—the Vanity Fair. You’ll soon dis-



cover your mistake if you buy something that “looks like a Pettibocker”, but the better way is not to make the mistake, but to look for the words “Vanity Fair Pettibocker” on the little hanger below the waist elastic in back.)

The Vanity Fair Union Suit has a personality all its own, too! It boasts a lap that stays in place, called the “sure-lap,” and women who have been known to scoff at unions as being uncomfortable and clumsy, have, after examining a Vanity Fair union, invariably remained to pay!

Then there’s the Vanity Fair Step-in Envelope Chemise with neither snap nor button and with the same delightful shoulder straps as the vest!

In fact, there’s a world of underthings in Vanity Fair from which to select—and silk underwear is truly an economy if it is

the closely woven, lustrously heavy Vanity Fair glove silk.

All the Better Shops carry Vanity Fair Silk Underwear. Ask for it in Vests, Unions, Envelope Chemise, Knickers or Pettibockers.

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and Silk Gloves.

(Continued from page 372)

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of the most popular plays of the year. Miss Crothers has signed a contract to produce three of her plays for the Shuberts during the coming season, and is at this writing appearing in one of them, "He and She," in the provinces. However, Miss Crothers has not acted for so many years, that the theatre-going public has come to associate her name exclusively with the authorship of her plays.

Willard Mack is one of the most prolific of actor-playwrights, and since his first great hit, "Kick-In," has struck an unusually high average of successes per season. From all reports he is now engaged upon the construction of not less than four plays scheduled for early production, chief among which from point of interest is "Lady Tony," which he has written as a starring vehicle for Pauline Frederick, and in which he himself will play a leading rôle.

MANY actors have been driven to writing their own plays because of the scarcity of good plays

to exploit their particular talent. Thomas A. Wise, Leo Ditrichstein, Jane Cowl, Maude Fulton, Frank Bacon and Willie Collier are a few of the players that come more readily to mind.

An analysis of the work of our popular actor-playwrights shows that they display an extraordinary knowledge of the detail of life. They are remarkable judges of fact, but fail to grasp and tellingly present the truth that lies back of the detail. The West, for instance, is far more important and full of character than they have shown it to be, yet our actor-playwrights have never succeeded in representing the true spirit of the West. Their work displays remarkable facility for apprehension but a conspicuous lack of comprehension. In the words of Shakespeare they "show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image," but they are deficient in showing "the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SONGS

(Continued from page 374)

thought of a sale of 2,000,000 copies of, say, his "Serenade" and another such gigantic sale of, say, "Thou art the Peace?" What would poor Stephen Foster have thought of \$25,000 paid for a single song! Yet "Over There," "My Belgian Rose" and "The Rose of No Man's Land" have neared those enormous sale figures in only a few months. Nor are they exceptions in that respect.

And who can say that our grandchildren and their grandchildren's grandchildren, when they gather to commemorate these memorable days, will not be singing "Over There," "My Belgian Rose" and "The Rose of No Man's Land" and will recall, and feel themselves, the actual thrill of the stirring times that we who have lived in these days have felt. I think they will.

TAKEN as a whole, songs never have "lived" any more than operas, books or other things "live." Millions of songs have died for every one that has survived. Today they are living more than they ever did before and doing it against greater odds. It is only in recent years that song publication has become a great business, depending like other big business on enormous output. Previously there were fewer songs, they were sung for longer periods, people got to know them and love them. Today it is "the new thing" that is demanded in every line as well as in songs.

Some songs are necessarily ephemeral though big hits in their time. These are such songs as "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier," "Homeward Bound," "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France," "K-K-K-Katy," "Don't Bite the

Hand That's Feeding You," "By the Campfire," "When the Fighting Irish Come Home," "Jerry" and "Salvation Lassie of Mine." Singing is like eating—the eating is permanent but not the meals. Many songs are not expected to be more than a delightful moment. Such exquisite appetizing morsels are "At the Darktown Strutters' Ball," "The Vamp" and "Chong" which are big hits anywhere.

OTHER songs have all the elements of permanency. The collections of classical popular songs used by our grandchildren will almost certainly contain, "Give Me All of You," "My Baby's Arms," "Lullaby Blues," "Sand Dunes," "When You Look in the Heart of a Rose," "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry," "Good morning Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip," "I Know What It Means To Be Lonesome," "Friends," "Where Do We Go From Here?" and "In the Land of Beginning Again."

The psychology of songs has to consider not only the individual song but types and their cycles and the curious way in which those cycles ebb and flow. At one moment sad songs, broken hearts and that sort of thing will dominate. Then the demand may be for "Mother" songs, humorous, Irish, Coon, love or local songs. Nobody ever knows which type is due next or the moment it will come, any more than he can tell the reason.

The popular dances of the moment exert an influence. The vogue of the Waltz, the Tango, Two-Step and Fox-Trot, all produce their effects. But they are obvious ones. Most of the other influences are too subtle to be clearly understood.



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The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD



WE more or less knew that the subject of perfumes was an enthralling one, when we wrote the August Vanity Box. But our "assurance" has been made "doubly sure" since then by the letters we have received from women all over the country. "Tell us more about perfumes," they implore. And as the subject is not only enthralling, but apparently inexhaustible, we are going to take it up from time to time, choosing December as a particularly fitting month, since perfume makes one of the most delightful Christmas gifts. Ask Miss Alice Brady!

WE were interviewing Miss Brady recently when she was in town for a fortnight, and by chance asked her what she was giving that was interesting in the way of Christmas presents.

"Everybody," responded Miss Brady promptly, "is going to have perfume from me this year. I have so little time between my performances of "Forever After," and my moving picture work to go shopping. And, anyway, I feel I can't give a better gift than one of the new, imported, French perfumes. Of course you know about them." (At that time we didn't.) Some day before I depart on tour I'm going to snatch an hour off, and buy up the perfume counter of . . . (Never mind, we'll let you in on the secret, if you'd really care to know.)

We asked permission to accompany and watch her in operation, which was graciously granted. As Miss Brady has made a specialty of perfumes, it turned out to be a most informative and fascinating hour.

First of all, you must know, that the bottle this season is almost as important as its contents. They have blossomed out riotously, these bottles, into odd but delectable shapes, decorative additions to any dressing-table. Some are painted with gay futuristic designs, representative of their contents. Thus a slender tubed bottle bearing a rose spray on its bulb contains a precious "Attar of Rose." Or the shape itself may be symbolic of the type of perfume inside; and a bottle blown in the outlines of a small sphinx will hold an essence called "Le Reflet" (Reflection). Another in the form of a lovely butterfly carries the perfume "Vultig," connoting, we suppose, that it is wafted to one's senses as lightly and delicately as the volatile flight of a butterfly.

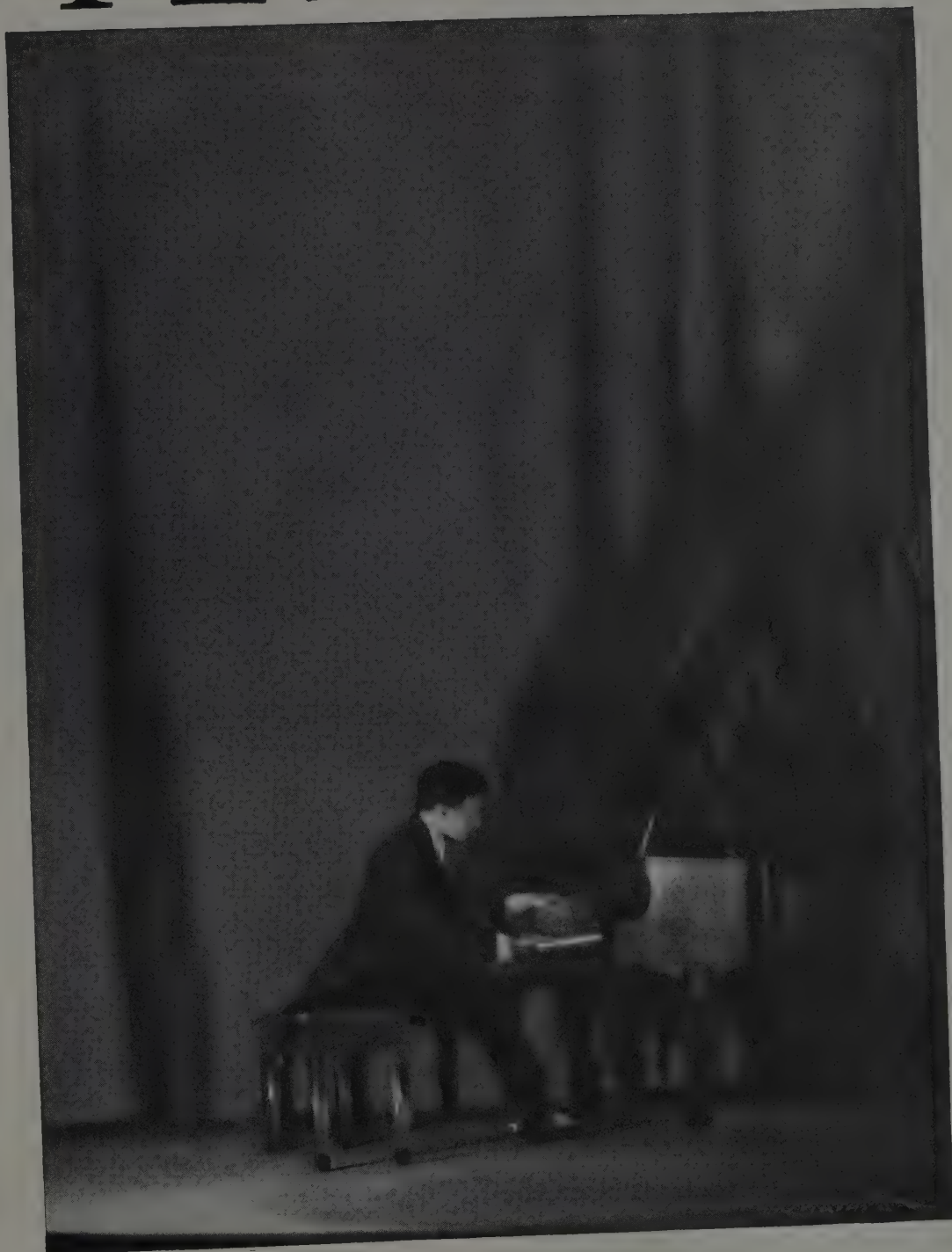
Miss Brady chose one of each of these with a special person in mind. Miss Wilda Bennet of "Apple Blossoms," we believe, was to get the butterfly. Then for a society woman of very exquisite taste, she chose "Parfum d' Argeville," a composite flower odor, with an adorable little etching in gold on one side of its crystal bottle. For another friend who loves the Riviera and usually spends her springs there, "Joie de Nice," smelling of all the fragrant violets of that place.

For a girl who has just become engaged "Parlez Lui de Moi." And for one who loves the opera, "La Bohême." For a man friend a very special Russian "Eau de Cologne," Eau de Cologne being the only perfume permitted to poor, dear mere man, and that most parsimoniously.

And the name of the toilet counter where Miss Brady found all these?

Write *The Vanity Box*, *Care The Theatre Magazine*, 6 East 39, New York, and we shall be charmed to tell you: also the "makes" of the perfumes mentioned and several other delicious ones we didn't have room for here.

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MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 368)

HARVEY O'Higgins and Harriet Ford decided that the servant problem offered unlimited possibilities for fun, especially when the problem is placed in Jersey at the country home of a New Yorker, who cannot get his domestic help to stay. Give the New Yorker a wife who has been a former Broadway actress, with a detestation for country life and the call of the beckoning white lights still strong within her, and you have the setting of "On the Hiring Line." Things have reached such a pass that on a Sunday morning Sherman Fessenden has himself to sweep and dust, with an apron tied under his chin, while his daughter is busy burning the breakfast. Fessenden's temper has not been improved by the arrival the previous day of Ronnie Oliver, an actor friend of his wife, who apparently is going to make of the Fessenden home an institution for the care of jobless actors. Servants will not stay and Mrs. Fessenden will not encourage them to, since she believes if they will continue to go her husband will see the futility of remaining in the country and take up his residence in New York.

Hard pressed to provide household workers, Fessenden hits upon the plan of hiring a couple of private detectives and have them pose as butler and cook. In this wise he feels that they will stay and his wife will not be able to make things disagreeable enough to have them quit or to fire them outright since the orders of their agency are that only the party who engaged them can dispense with their services.

OF course, the fact that he has found it necessary to secure detectives has to be kept from Mrs. Fessenden. That would not have been so difficult had it not been for Mrs. Billy Capron, light-hearted and light-headed, who is separated from her husband and believes she is being watched by detectives. Then Steve Mack, the son of a Senator in Washington, is posing as a chauffeur and working for Mrs. Capron in order to be near Dorothy Fessenden, the daughter of the head of the Fessenden household. Steve is a bit suspicious and since the detectives are not told why they are brought into the household they are naturally suspicious of everyone and everything. Steve, therefore, is suspected of being a crook, and this adds to the complications. The whole three acts are extremely amusing, and yet one feels sort of instinctively that there is something lacking. It is not easy to determine just what this is, but the feeling, vague as it is, is there. There is just something needed

that would make of this satirical comedy a show that would go on season after season to the delight of the hinterland and the profit of George C. Tyler, who is directing it.

Cyril Scott, as the detective-hiring husband, gives his usual finished performance, and was primarily intended to be the star of the piece, but unfortunately for him, the role of Ritchie, the detective, is one of such wonderful comedy possibilities that it quite overshadows the husband and Sidney Toler, who has the part, gives a portrayal that is quite the best that has been done on the New York stage for a long, long time. He does not act the detective—he is the detective.

L AURA HOPE CREWS, as Mrs. Fessenden, is, of course, good; she has always been good. We know, for we have been a police reporter, and our acquaintance with sleuths includes many composites of Toler.

Josephine Hall, as Mrs. Ritchie, the middle-aged, motherly wife of the detective who has decided to leave her happy home to see what detecting is like, and who cannot altogether suppress her motherly instincts even for her work, was another excellent character portrayal. John Blair as the actor simply was himself and one could not ask more.

Minna Gombell as the flirting wife of Billy Capron had a head as light and fluffy, as—the lingerie of a chorus girl. Could one say more—and mean less? Then Robert Hudson as her husband had a good bit which he adequately handled. Finally, there was Donald Gallaher as the Senator's son, not doing as well as we have seen him do, and Vivian Tobin, as Fessenden's daughter, giving a characterization that appeared to be extremely easy for that young lady, since she had but to be natural. Some day those Tobin sisters are going to be as well known as the Barrymore Brothers—or at least the Dolly Sisters, or, er—some brothers or sisters who are famous—or nearly so.

CENTRAL. "The Little Blue Devil." Musical farce in three acts. Book and lyrics by Harold Atteridge. Music by Harry Carroll. Produced on November 3 with this cast:

Tom Dick	Jack Geier
Harry Billie	Edward Bisland
Freddie Mary	James Buckley
Stella Pansy	Eddie Cox
Augustus Rollet	James Wheeler
Paulette Divine	Eleanor Griffith
Mrs. Lewellyn	Frances Dunlop
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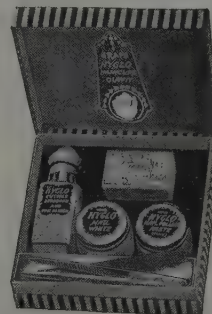
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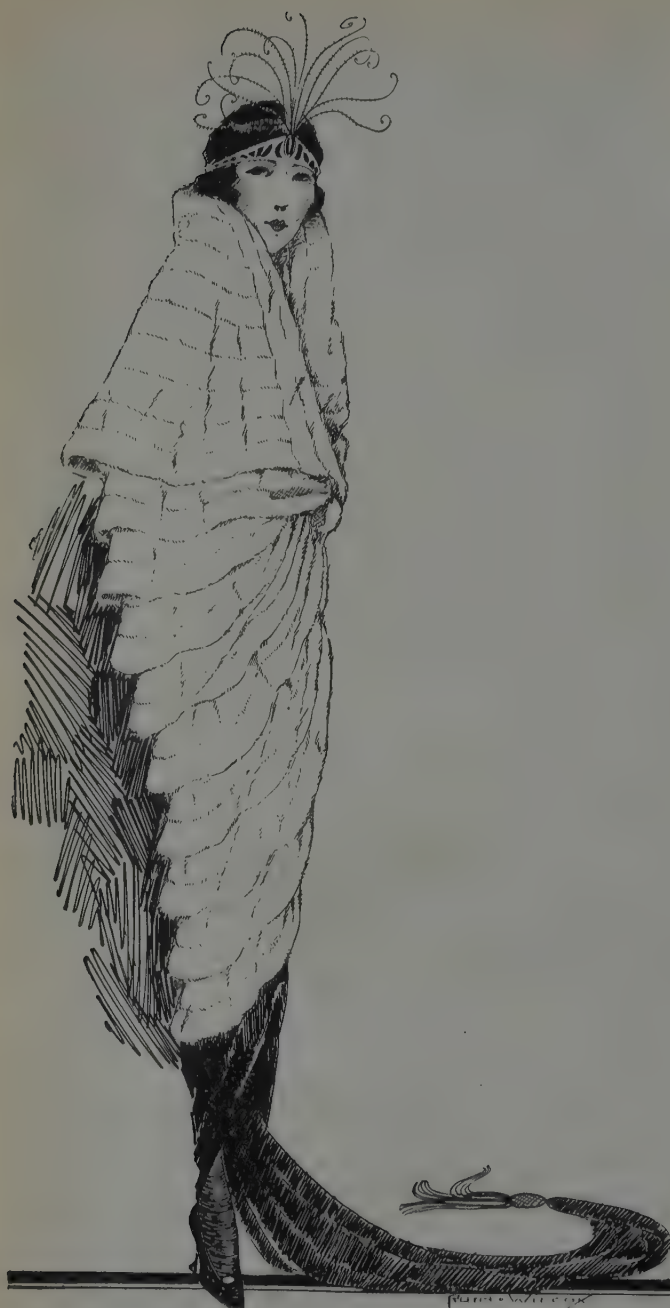
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MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 424)

Mr. Lewellyn
Phillip Scarsdale
George Wallus
Lizzie
Purkiss
Moss
Tiney
An Old Man
A Maid

Wilfred Clarke
Jack McGowan
Edward Martindell
Marion Mosby
W. H. Powers
Eddie Cox
Katherine Hatfield
Jack Geier
Elsie Lange

APPARENTLY, it has been discovered what, for these many years, the tired business man has been looking for. It is on view in nearly all the musical plays recently produced, the bare leg, but in no other show and in no other pleasure-shop is it more abundantly dangled and poised than in "The Little Blue Devil" at the Central Theatre. The piece is for Broadway and of Broadway—the mythical Broadway haunted by the mythical tired business man—and exhibits a life which the visiting rural merchant never gets any closer to than at the theatre. It has some of the virtues of humor and lacks some vices, notably of stupidity. It is a remnant or reminiscence of "The Blue Mouse," adapted from the French by Clyde Fitch, and readapted now, with a difference, by Harold Atteridge.

A tired New York clerk, in order to get promotion from his tired employer, a merchant, hires an actress, a blue devil, to represent his own sweet wife and exercise her cajoleries on him. Both men having keys to her apartments, naturally there are comical—more or less comical—encounters in those precincts including the adjoining bathroom, of which a glimpse is had and to which reference is made. On one occasion the clerk has to simulate a half-witted trance, which is undeniably comical.

BERNARD GRANVILLE, as the clerk, achieves a merry triviality that almost redeems the proceedings. He helps the impression that it is all make-believe. Mr. Wilfred Clarke, however, as the merchant employer almost counteracts that by an earnestness in the pursuit of the Little Blue Devil which tends to convince the visiting stranger that the tired business man is a real and important person engaged during the day in affairs of moment. Lillian Lorraine is the Charmer in Blue, the possessor of resplendent pajamas and a "whiter skin than alabaster." As a production the piece has very great virtues. In many ways it is impeccable. There is good taste in the scenery and appointments. There is indubitable refinement in the silk of the costumes. The music, even, is modest, and the lighting decorous, except in one instance, when it reveals, by a single shaft of light, the Little Blue Devil "shimmying" in the darkness, revealing little but too much. Some excellent songs were in bad com-

pany. Harry Carrol, Jack McGowan and Anne Sands in dance and song compensated for much. The chorus was good, the landscape ("all the prospect") was pleasing, as the hymn has it, and the show will be popular in New York, although it is unfair to the New York Merchant, the Tired Business Man.

CORT. "Just a Minute." Musical comedy in two acts. By Harry L. Cort, George E. Stoddard and Harold Orlob. Produced with this cast:

The Song Girls
Niobe Marwick and Mae Terresfield
The Saleslady (Miss Noyes)
Merle Hartwell
The Demonstrators (The Monarch Four)
Messrs. Green, Murphy, Fenn, Curren
The Girl (Dorothy May) Mabel Withee
The Other Girl (Margaret Gibson)
Mona Celeste
The Porter (Earl) Billy Clark
The Aunt (Mrs. Tom Collins)
May Vokes
The Executor (Robert Fulton)
Wellington Cross
The Trouble (Will Tell)
George F. Moore
The Pilot (Capt. Ebb Tide)
Percy Pollock
The Bathing Girl (Miss Dippe)
Virginia Clarke
The Dancers by Morin Sisters

THE compensating charm of "Just a Minute," at the Cort Theatre, is Mabel Withee.

It seems that, whether by accident or Providence, it is almost impossible for a modern comic opera to go wholly wrong. Its clockwork may not run on many jewels, but with so many elements there is some excellence somewhere. In the palmy days of drink, it was a common saying among the initiate, jocose or judicious, that there was no bad liquor. If there was nothing else there was the cherry.

Thus, Miss Withee ingratiates the whole compound. Her unassuming method saves her associates, capable enough, but without that strong personality that counts for so much in this form of entertainment, from giving the impression of a too unequal and unbalanced performance. Miss Withee has personality, simplicity, ease, charm. The general performance is of fairly standard quality in spite of an insubstantial story in which two couples of lovers encounter insubstantial difficulties, and a text that lacked tone and fell short in its reaching for sustained humor. The old patter of the bibulous seems strangely out of date.

THE locality of the action is at Atlantic City and on board a yacht, and necessarily comic opportunities abound. May Vokes, as an antiquated aunt, watchful over two girls, and insistent at the same time in securing a reluctant but desirable mate for herself, was

(Continued on page 436)



Her Gift

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AMATEUR THEATRICALS

IN YOUR COMMUNITY

(Continued from page 398)



*We announce the
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*Individual, distinguished looking
outer wraps for street or motor.*

*Misses' costumes which present the
unusual in apparel for young women*

*Fur coats and wraps, softly draped
on graceful, slender silhouette*

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from a small group is to have it large enough to allow telling variety in combinations.

A large group in which any person may be called upon to participate also has peculiar dangers. If some are not used frequently enough to please themselves or their friends, they see no reason for belonging; they lose interest and withdraw. If a certain few—because of ability or friendship or social prestige—are cast several times, jealousies and envy and all uncharitableness break out virulently.

A good flexible working arrangement is to have active and associate memberships, with the prospect of adding to both, or making transfers as need arises.

Quite as important as membership is money. No play, I venture to say, however simple, can be produced without at least buying the copies. Play production costs money. Your club may start on nothing a year, and, if you can secure credit, may pay with the proceeds of the first bill, if you are successful in attracting a paying audience. Some organizations charge dues up to say ten dollars annually. In co-operative plans the members advance enough to cover the first performance, and are repaid at the end of the season. A feeling of security and independence alike is afforded by the pledges of guarantors, who should be called upon to redeem their pledges only when all other resources are exhausted.

IT is more artistic to insure permanency and solvency by being careful about money than to be a fly-by-night producer cleaning up on one splurge. In estimating your total income be moderate. Don't count every available seat as sold until it has been paid for. Provide for the deduction of every legitimate expense. If your income is from dues, collect early in the season. With a knowledge of your entire resources plan the number of performances and allot the available funds. With two hundred members at five dollars each you may reasonably count upon nine hundred dollars to spend. If one program is to be made up of modern plays for which costumes can be secured for nothing, or if a play entails no royalty, you will be able to shift money to other undertakings.

On paid admissions always discount anticipated receipts.

One of the most fascinating features of such dramatic work as this article is discussing is the realization of remarkable effects upon limited means.

The one item which will have the most direct bearing upon your expense sheet will be the equipment of the stage you use. Whenever you rent be sure to know exactly what the terms include. Ask especially about extra time. Learn whether the dress rehearsal will require a union stage crew. Look carefully over the house scenery, furniture, and properties to determine how much you can use. Then prepare a budget, even though you know at the time that the final bills will go higher. They always do.

THE subjoined list is an attempt to include all the possibilities which may be present under varying circumstances. If you are able to eliminate many of these you are peculiarly fortunate.

POSTAGE. This varies greatly with the nature of the organization and the performances.

PRINTING. In your stationery make modest claims. Let it make a good impression. Don't promise too much. Advertising may come under this heading.

RENTAL. This is usually the largest item. Reductions can be secured by contracting for a number of performances.

ROYALTIES, AND COPIES OF THE PLAYS. Copies of a single play for a cast may cost as much as ten or fifteen dollars, either in typescript or book form. Always pay royalties for plays, unless authors offer them for nothing. You would not ask a stationer to give you envelopes. Don't, then, expect authors to give you the only thing which makes your organization possible—good plays.

SETTINGS, SCENERY, FURNITURE, PROPERTIES. Here the artistic ingenuity of your art staff will be requisitioned.

COSTUMES. You may be able to operate an entire season without expending much on costumes. Don't allow some enthusiastic designer to swamp the plays with oddities and the treasurer with bills.

LIGHTING. If the equipment of your stage is good, this will cost practically nothing. You can easily accumulate simple but effective lighting apparatus.

MAKE-UP. Hiring a professional make-up man usually saves money and annoyance. His stock of wings is always better than an amateur collection. In many plays elaborate make-up is not required.

HAULING. Scenery, properties, furniture, costumes may have to be moved. Costumers do not pay transportation charges.

MISCELLANEOUS. Though this heading is indefinite, it always covers a large amount. It may include anything; music, ropes, electric bulbs, unusual properties, telegrams, porter service, labor, lunches, beverages, damage to property, taxicab fares, insurance on borrowed property.

WE shall assume that it is early autumn. Your organization is perfected. Your officers and committees have been working and reporting. Your funds are assured. The public is sympathetic in approval of your project. Indications of large, appreciative audiences are heartening you. Only one detail now remains to engage attention and time before your season opens.

WHAT KIND OF PLAYS WILL YOU OFFER?

Editor's Note: The second in Mr. Stratton's series of articles—"Choosing the Play," will be published in the January issue.

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Gifts for Men

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In Leading Shops everywhere.*

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A CIVIC COMMUNITY PLAYGROUND FOR CHILDREN AND GROWN-UPS

(Continued from page 399)

story-telling groups or in the beginners dancing classes. Frequently these transient children, as we called them, were children visiting in the city, children from near by cities or from far parts of the world—from Australia, South America, Alaska—and this year several little French orphans. Often the transient children were little ones who could not afford the car fare to attend three times a week. In this case we were able to provide car fare through the generosity of the city Street Railway Company and the United Charities. Each Wednesday afternoon programs were given by the children. The programs consisted of selections by the Children's Hour Orchestra, songs by the Children's Civic Music Chorus and community singing, plays and pantomimes by the Junior Drama League Players. The age of these youthful actors was from four to twenty. Many pantomimes and plays were arranged by the children themselves. This year a "Better Speech Pageant" was written and directed by two young players, a girl fourteen and a boy fifteen. Such interest was expressed in the Better American Speech Campaign that the "Ain'ts" and the "He don'ts" almost disappeared from the group of two hundred players. If their enthusiasm is indicative of the interest of young people throughout the country, the National Better American Speech campaign will certainly meet with success and be a decided step toward Americanization. The children's motto this summer was: "One flag; one country; one language and that perfectly spoken." Will not this same enthusiasm develop a deeper appreciation of the spoken word and make a future Booth possible?

EVERYTHING was done to make the children's programs the best of the kind. Many children from various playgrounds contributed, and opera singers and well-known musicians gave freely to the thousands of children who thronged the auditorium each Wednesday.

The Mothers' Circle, known as the Mothers of the Junior Drama League, assisted by many well-known artists and designers, attended to the costumes and properties, and if it had not been for the loving co-operation of this group of workers the hundreds of fairies and brownies, tree nymphs and water sprites would not have materialized.

The object of the children's work is to give inspirational direction to the children through dramatic play; to stimulate their imagination and to open avenues more beautiful than are to be found in the limits of the city streets; to keep the children occupied in a wholesome and a clean atmosphere. Children from all walks of life attend the Children's Hours and the directors and assistants feel that every child becomes a finer and better expression of helpfulness in his community through this civic community playground experience.

MISS CORA MEL PATTEN, who has acted as director each summer through the month of July, has been an inspiration to the children. Each August I have added the position of director to my interests as manager and, with our corps of excellent workers, from fourteen to twenty in number, as dancing directors, story tellers and game leaders, the work has been an expression of unity and the excellent dramatic programs were made possible.

THE CHICAGO COLLEGE CLUB AND ITS DRAMATIC CIRCLE

THE Dramatic Circle of the Chicago College Club, an organization of college women in Chicago and vicinity with a membership of about nine hundred alumnae of practically every college in the country, is composed mostly of the younger members, many of them girls just out of college; young women of varied interests, all busy and efficient—workers from every field from expert bacteriologists to overworked journalists.

The Director, Mrs. Louis Van Voorhis Armstrong, is a graduate of the University of Michigan and the Art Institute of Chicago, and it is her tireless effort, skill and enthusiasm that have made the Dramatic Circle the successful organization it has come to be.

THE stereotyped "society comedy" finds no place on their programs. The unique, imaginative and artistic are welcomed. All the essential features of production have been carried out to the minutest detail; on their little stage in the club rooms and under Mrs. Armstrong's guidance they have learned to do at least some part of the work involved, from the actual painting of scenic screens and making of costumes, to publicity work.

The photographs of "Dolls," and "Three Pills in a Bottle," are shown on the first page of the *Amateur Theatricals* Section, and in an early issue of the *THEATRE MAGAZINE* an interesting detailed account of the work of the Dramatic Circle of the Chicago College Club will be published.

COLUMBIA RECORDS

"SOLENNIE in quest'ora" (Swear in this hour), the famous duet from *La Forza del Destino*, is one of Verdi's masterpieces. Charles Hackett, the sensational new tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Riccardo Stracciari, leading baritone of the Chicago Opera Company, sing it for Columbia Records this month. This is the first joint record ever made by these two great artists.

Everybody knows the music of that simple ballad, "Whispering Hope." But no one has ever heard it sung better than Rosa Ponselle, the leading dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Barbara Maurel, alto, sing it as a duet for Columbia Records. Their voices blend so harmoniously that they make a perfect vocal combination. Adv.

Maillard

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Fifth Avenue at 35th Street
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I Accept an Invitation

By ANGELINA



ROYAL command from my Godchild, a few weeks ago, to come up to New Haven for the Yale-Princeton game..... The letter started mildly enough, all about, "Didn't I think the gaieties of student life....." and "wouldn't a radical contrast to New York?" *et cetera*. The command part came at the end in the veiled threat, "I am not considering the appalling possibility of a refusal, and have already secured our seats."

So what could I do after that but accept. As a matter of fact, I was only too eager to go, and frightfully flattered to be culled from among so many other potential lady-guests. I knew it would be a wonderful game, and that I should see all sorts of smart people. Besides, I was invited to go up Friday afternoon, the day before, and form one of a house-party at quite the nicest "Sheff." society house, and go to tea-dances and luncheons and things. I had some smart clothes to wear, myself. All signs pointed to Venus being "in the right house," as the horoscopists tell you.

* * *

Friday morning I happened in to see young Mr. Ben Van Raalte of the famous veilings.

"I'm off to the game, this afternoon," I told him midway of our interview.

"Are you indeed?" said he. "Then I'll make you a present of a veil to wear. The pattern is just out. In fact it's so new it hasn't even a name yet. I shall expect you to find one for it—and a good one, mind—before you get back."



The frock that Angelina wore was much admired, a short-sleeved, black velvet, made quite simply and trimmed only with Democracy-grosgrain ribbon in different widths. With the frock were the attendant accessories of a necklace and bracelet of elephant ivory beads, a velvet hat in King blue, and slippers of pale grey kid with tiny kid bows.

That idea appealed to me. I like christening ships, so to speak. The veil was a particularly lovely one, a diamond pattern with a suggestion of

the delicate frostwork on a window pane, and very concealing. It came in taupe and navy, and I chose the navy, to wear with my pastel blue duvetyne tam, embroidered in navy blue silk.

* * *

In the train on the way to New Haven I thought over possible names. Nothing came to me. Each time, just as I fancied I had a good one, I recollected that it already belonged. Mr. Van Raalte *has* all the good names, already, I thought.

Godchild met me at the station, clad in the best southern manner for the occasion, fifty-fifty of enthusiasm and restraint.

"Godmother Angelina," said he, as we drove off in a motor, "how enchanting you look! And what a peach of a veil! Only.... it's tantalizing...." "*Grazie, grazie,*" cried I, speaking fluently in Italian. "That is the name of the veil: *Tantalizing.*"

I told him the story, and I told it on my return to Mr. Van Raalte, who thoroughly approved. So that's the way that ended.

* * *

My brief stay was a mad whirl of "one thing after another." I had a wonderful time, even despite the sad, sad climax of the game. Still, we must think of others.

They did us awfully well, the "society" men, handing over their handsome quarters to us bodily, with no detail neglected. After we arrived we had tea around a big open fire downstairs. Perhaps you'll (Continued on page 434)

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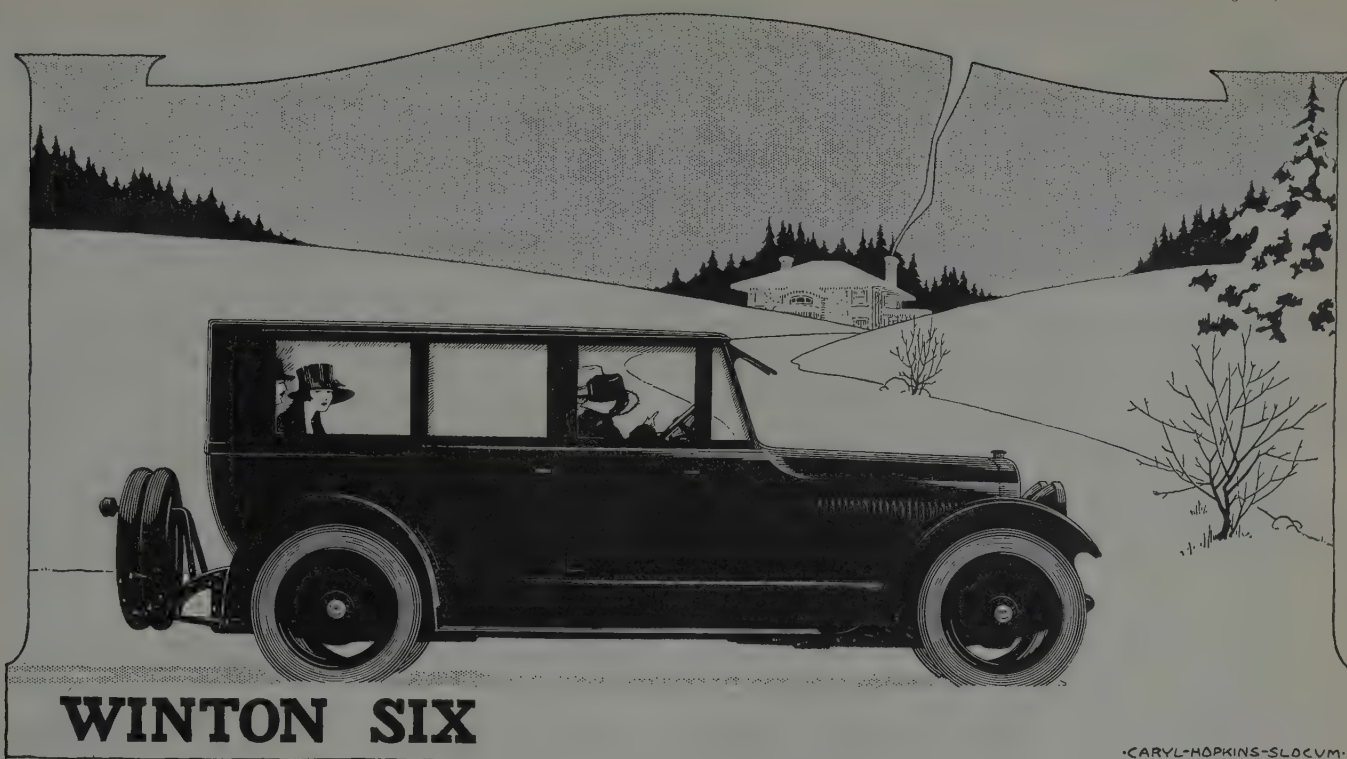
A most welcome gift for every member of the family—for use at work or at play—from childhood to old age—on hot days or on cold days—ever ready everywhere—the perfect container for solid and liquid food—the ideal servant in or away from home. Keeps contents hot as blazes or cold as ice.

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I Accept an Invitation

(Continued from page 432)

like to know what I wore. Godchild expressed his thorough approval, and hinted that others shared his opinion.

Well, then, to begin on..... a black velvet frock, made quite simply, with no trimming on it



The veil that Mr. Van Raalte, of the famous Van Raalte veilings, presented to Angelina to wear to the game, and to name; and that was eventually christened by the Godchild "Tantalizing." It entirely lives up to its name.

save different widths of Democracy-grograin ribbon. A half-inch width running round the neck, an inch width round the sleeves, an inch-and-a-half width about the waist, all tying in little bows with proportionate streamer ends. Around my neck was a long chain of elephant ivory beads, with a carved ivory plaque hanging from two beads shaped like lotus flowers, and to match it a bracelet (all my own invention) of a double row of the ivory beads, with the clasp of two slightly larger lotus flower beads. On my head I wore a velvet turban of King blue, with the brim flaring away from the face. And last but not least, on my feet pale grey silk stockings, and pale grey kid slippers, with "Dolly" heels and little butterfly bows of kid. Godchild said several people spoke of my feet. Of course there's but one kind of kid that's soft enough to be twisted into such bows, and probably you've guessed its name al-

ready. Yes, "F. B. & C." It makes such a wonderful slipper to dance in too, which you can imagine we started in presently to do.

* * *

And spent the rest of the time doing. Continuously, with intermissions taken out for such lesser items such as dinner, the Yale-Princeton Glee Club Concert, an hour or two of sleep. Saturday, we lunched with some smart people in town, Godchild and I, with whom we motored to the game. It was great fun riding out. There were so many pretty, well-dressed women and girls, and such good-looking men. I saw some wonderful furs. One cape in particular, a seven-eighths of summer ermine, a gorgeous wrap, worn over a brown velvet frock, and with a hat of terra-cotta velvet. The combination made such a lovely blend of russet tones.

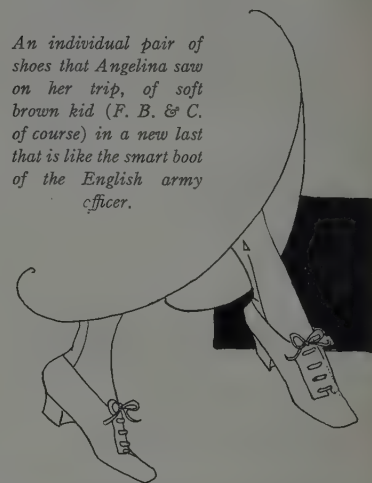
Our seats in the Yale Bowl were in section thirteen, and as it turned out in row thirteen, also. Thirteen, as perhaps you may remember, is my lucky number. (On Friday, the thirteenth, fate is always with me: and if I can only walk under a ladder a little something extra is thrown in.) "We win," I said to the Godchild as we sat down. So the second half of the game came as a great surprise, when we didn't win at all. I couldn't understand it in the least. It occurred to me, at first, that our stars, the G.'s and mine, might have been in conflict. But suddenly a light burst. Little Anisette was the fatal "reason why." There I had brought her all the way up from New York in my bag as mascot, and then after introducing her and showing her off all around the fraternity house, I had cruelly gone and left her perched on a chair back in the room.

* * *


And who, pray, is little Anisette? Another Godchild? No, Anisette is merely a doll. A rag doll, I suppose you really might call her, except that she's

such a *de luxe* edition of what one thinks of under that name. She belongs to one of a large family of brothers and sisters called "The Little Shavers," is the creation of a clever American girl, and was a present to me from one of the big Fifth Avenue shops. I chose Anisette from amongst the family, because of the *chic* of her costume,—a *bouffant* Nile green skirt sheltered under a pinkish apron with a gay ribbon girdle—and because of a certain air of plaintive melancholy about her. If you will turn back to the little sketch at the initial letter of this article, you may get a faint idea of it.


If your neglect had not prevented me from being among those present in the Bowl this afternoon, she seemed to say, we should have won. Some day I shall write a story of "The Little Shaver, or a Mascot's Revenge."

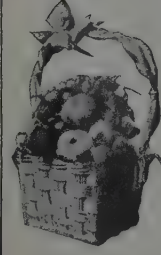


An individual pair of shoes that Angelina saw on her trip, of soft brown kid (F. B. & C. of course) in a new last that is like the smart boot of the English army officer.



Bon Voyage





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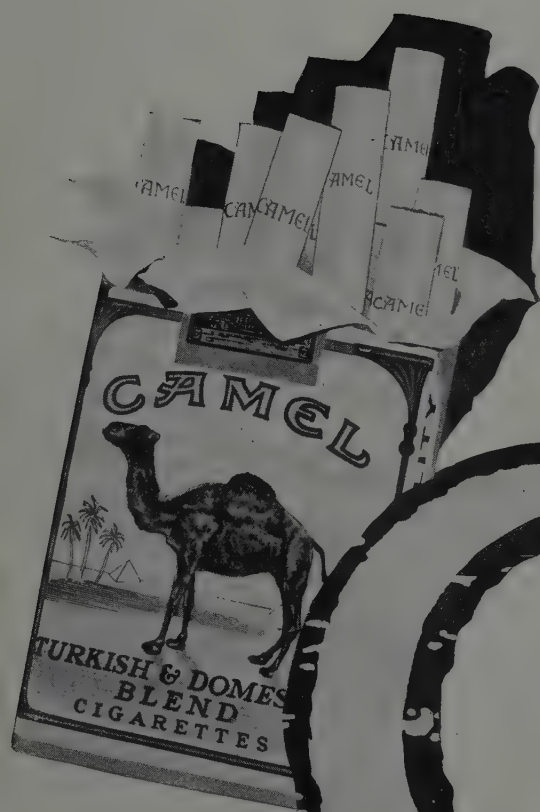
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MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 426)

under too much restraint of social position in her character to be as irresistibly amusing as she commonly is in her awkward servant girl roles.

"Just a Minute" needs readjustment in many particulars, but it will be brought around and serve its public.

LYCEUM. "THE GOLD DIGGERS." Comedy in three acts by Avery Hopwood. Produced September 30.

Stephen Lee	Bruce McRae
James Blake	H. Reeves-Smith
Barney Barnett	Frederick Truesdell
Wally Saunders	Horace Braham
Freddie Turner	Austen Harrison
Fenton Jessup	Harold Christy
Tom Newton	D. Lewis Clinton
Marty Woods	Frank Lewis
Jerry Lamar	Ina Claire
Mabel Munroe	Jobyna Howland
Violet Dayne	Beverly West
Mrs. Lamar	Louise Galloway
Topsy St. John	Ruth Terry
Cissie Gray	Pauline Hall
Trixie Andrews	Lilyan Tashman
Eleanor Montgomery	Luella Gear
Gypsy Montrose	Gladys Feldman
Dolly Baxter	Katherine Walsh
Sadie	Louise Burton

I SUSPECT Mr. Hopwood of having written "The Gold Diggers" in his sophomore days, when callow youth, hitting Broadway's high lights for the first time, is righteously scandalized at the depravity of this little burg. Such a line as "the female of the species is deadlier than the male" belongs to that adolescent period. The plot too—the staid, middle-aged uncle who confronts a vamp to rescue a foolish nephew from her clutches only to fall in love with her himself—is so archaic that it probably antedates any dramatic formula ever propounded. No doubt the wily Mr. Hopwood is fully conscious of these juvenile aspects of his work for on the first night, instead of responding himself to incontinent calls for speech, he pushed Mr. Belasco before the footlights, and the gentle Dave, whiter haired yet picturesque as ever, proceeded to deliver the curtain oration which has served him so well on other occasions: "Ladies and Gentlemen—dramatic pause—I thank you for Mr. Hopwood—dramatic pause—I thank you for Miss Claire—dramatic pause—I thank you."

Frankly, one is put to it to guess what induced the theatrical wizard to lend the prestige of his name to this trivial hodge-podge of chorus girl slang, bedroom suggestiveness and false sentiment. The piece is not of the calibre one is accustomed to associate with his trademark.

To say that all of it is poor entertainment would be doing an injustice. The first act is vastly amusing and full of bright, highly spiced dialogue that often borders on the indecent. The scene where the chorus girls—each a distinct and well recognizable type—sit around relating their experiences in extracting gold from the pockets of male

admirers—is both diverting and instructive. Every Johnny in town should see it. He might save himself some money. The chorus has always had a bad name and this play will not help to redeem it. Nor are Jenny Lamar's girl chums—with their loose talk and worse than loose morals—as exaggerated as one would like to believe for the good repute of the stage.

It's later that the play becomes tiresome. To be asked in Act III to believe in Jenny's lily-white innocence after all she and her pals say and do in Acts I and II is too much of a tax on the imagination, nor does the star quite prove her right to wear the *rosière's* wreath by suddenly producing from an inner room a dignified, white-haired old lady whom she introduces as her mother—no doubt a brilliant afterthought of the resourceful stage manager who argues that a chorus girl owning such a mother could do no wrong. It is also true that Stephen Lee, the respectable millionaire uncle falls in love with her and asks her to be his wife, but as he was drunk at the time, one need not take that too seriously. As long as the piece kept to its original idea, one enjoyed it for what it was worth. Directly it got sentimental, the spectators reached for their hats.

It is well acted, Jobyna Howland, the six-foot former Gibson model with several metropolitan hits to her credit, dividing the feminine honors with the star. As a mau-hunting chorus lady whose one idea of marriage is to get alimony, Miss Howland was genuinely and irresistibly funny.

Ina Claire was excellent as the heroine. She dances, sings, cajoles and makes the most of what few opportunities the author has given her. Bruce McRae plays the uncle with his usual skill and distinction and H. Reeves Smith did well as the lawyer friend who also becomes enmeshed in the toils of the sirens.

(Continued on page 440)

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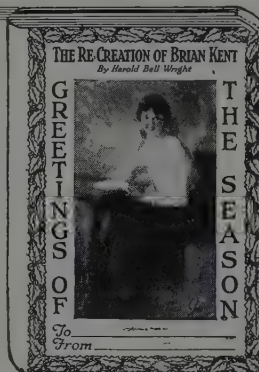
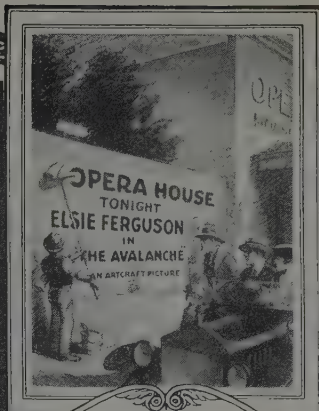


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THE MOST DIFFICULT THING IN THE WORLD



IN a far country there lived a young princess, who was as clever as she was beautiful. She had eyes like heather-bells, hair the color of ripe corn, and a figure as of Venus and Diana rolled into one. And as, in addition to these charms, she would some day rule over a rich country, the court was constantly receiving marriage ambassadors from the regions round about, asking for the Princess' hand.

But the Princess would have none of them. Like all proper young Princesses, she dreamed of her ideal Prince, and nothing even faintly resembling him had yet appeared. She obstinately and wilfully refused to consider the State. The old King, her father (the Queen was dead) was exceedingly upset by her behavior. Egged on by the Councillors, he urged her to make a choice. He was getting on, he said, and it really was high time she was married and settled down.

"There is nothing like marriage," he grumbled, sententiously, "for making women settle down." "On that point, dear Father," responded the Princess ironically, "we are entirely agreed."

THEY both backed and filled, and fussed and fumed, till finally a compromise was effected. The Princess appeared to give in. She would consider seriously the idea of matrimony and "settling down." Let them bring on their suitors. Only she must make one condition. She must insist that her future husband be cleverer than herself. (The King and the old C's could hardly keep their faces straight. Too easy! As if everybody didn't know that a man is always cleverer than a woman, no matter who he is.) "And to prove that," continued the Princess, "he must answer correctly one question that I shall put to him. And must then offer a solution." (That wasn't quite so easy. You never can tell about women. The Princess might ask something so silly that no male brain could descend low enough to gauge its imbecility.) "And the question is: What is the most difficult thing to do in the world?"

Whereat the old C's went away rejoicing. Because that could be answered by a superior intelligence. They were all agreed that the most difficult thing in the world to do was to understand a woman. And the solution is to marry her. And why, you may inquire, if the old C's considered man is cleverer than woman, is it such a difficult matter to understand her? Ah, don't ask me to explain. I am simply telling you the story. And, anyway, it was a frowsy old kingdom, with frowsy old prejudiced King, such as you and I never encounter nowadays.

TU cut a long story short, written announcements containing the fatal condition were sent out to possible candidates. And on a certain day all presented themselves at the Court, and were each put under lock and key till his turn came. The Princess, dressed in Royal blue, sat beside her father on the throne, and looked perfectly dazzling. The old C's sat in a semi-circle below. They had picked their favorite—a wicked and rich old man of the neighboring kingdom—and knew he would win, for had they not primed him beforehand with both solution and answer. At that he said they needn't have troubled. He knew them already.

The first candidate presented himself before the throne.

"What," asked the Princess, "is the most difficult thing in the world to do?"

"The most difficult thing in the world to do, Your Highness," answered the candidate, "is to understand a woman."

You could have knocked every Councillor over with a feather. All bets were off. How could the answer have leaked out? But they were shaken to the very depths a minute later, when they heard the princess say coldly, "That is not the answer."

Not the answer? What was the world coming to?

IWON'T bore you with the detail of a long and trying afternoon. The candidates, it seemed, had one and all had the same brilliant inspiration for the answer. But it is always darkest before dawn. Just as hope had been entirely abandoned, the last candidate presented himself, a tall, handsome stranger, who bore himself confidently but without over-assurance. The Princess fell in love with him on sight. Tremblingly she asked for the fiftieth time the fatal question. (Tremblingly, because she feared no man so good looking as he could also be clever enough to guess the answer.)

And the answer came:—

"The most difficult thing in the world to do, oh Princess, is to select a Christmas present for the person who already has everything."

The Princess could hardly contain herself for joy. But she was not yet out of the wood.

"That is the correct answer," she announced, "but the solution?" And to help him along, "Don't suggest that the gift should be a book."

"No, madam," said he, with a twinkle in his dark eyes, showing that they both spoke the same language, "Probably she has a book." And then more seriously:

"No; the solution is not a book. But it comes near to it. It is a gift that does not fade, like flowers, nor is it swallowed up and lost, like candy; nor like apparel, does it wear out, nor like jewelry is it subject to possible loss or theft. It is, in short, a year's subscription to the most wonderful

(Continued on page 448)

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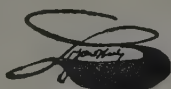
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MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 436)

EMPIRE. "DECLASSÉE." Play in three acts by Zoe Atkins. Presented with this cast:

Rudolph Solomon	Claude King
Edward Thayer	Vernon Hesse
Harry Charteris	Charles Francis
Sir Emmett Wildering	Julian Royce
Sir Bruce Haden	Harry Plimmer
Count Paolo Del Magiore	
	Ralph Belmont
Jean	Alfred Hesse
Walters	Edward Le Hay
Lady Helen Haden	Ethel Barrymore
Lady Wildering	Clare Eames
Charlotte Ashley	Beatrice Beckley
Mrs. Leslie	Katherine Harris
Alice Vance	Madeline Delmar
Zellite	Gabrielle Ravine

IN a period when alliances are in vogue it is a good omen that the first big success of the season was a play with a French title that takes place first in England, and is then transplanted to the United States. The fact that it is a great box-office attraction does not make it a masterpiece. Were it not marred by an impossible third act, it would be almost a good play.

"Déclassée," according to Webster, means "one who has fallen or been forced from one's proper place in society." In this particular case, Lady Helen Haden (the best part Ethel Barrymore has had in a long time) skates on thin ice but never falls. Married to a man who is as uncouth as she is refined, she compels her husband, as the play opens, to apologize to a young man who she rather fancies, and who he had accused of cheating at cards. She does not believe that her friend is guilty. Unfortunately, it is a case of misplaced confidence, as the young man, she finds a few minutes later, is really a cheat.

Without considering what the result may be, her honesty compels her to expose him, although threatened by the young man that in self-defense he will hand over to her husband some letters which indiscreetly she had written him.

Disowned and divorced, we find her in the second act in the United States where she has become "déclassée." One by one she has disposed of her jewels as her money has melted away. A simple way out of her difficulties would have been to marry an American millionaire who is deeply in love with her, but *noblesse oblige*. Meeting accidentally in the restaurant of one of our swell hotels, some of her former English friends, she realizes that she does not belong to their world any more, and that she might be ignored by them. But she must hear of dear old England. A touch of comedy is here given by her new American friends composed of demi-mondaines, concert hall singers and acrobats. Lady Helen's ability to adapt herself, from her aristocratic English friends to her present associates, is done artistically and cleverly.

THE last act takes place at a reception given in the home of Rudolph Solomon, splendidly acted by

Claude King, a newcomer to this country and a welcome addition to the American stage. All her friends plot to arrange a match with the millionaire and Lady Helen accepts him. But with the return of the young cheat of the first act, who has now reformed and who accidentally drops in, the situation is altogether changed. Her old love revives and for fear of an explanation she runs away. But horror! As she crosses the street she is run over and brought back to Solomon's home. Here is the impossible situation!

A doctor is sent for in a hurry, but never arrives. Meanwhile poor Lady Haden is in agony. No human being could linger for fifteen minutes and be able to talk as splendidly as did Miss Barrymore after being crushed by a taxi. It is the death of Camille over again.

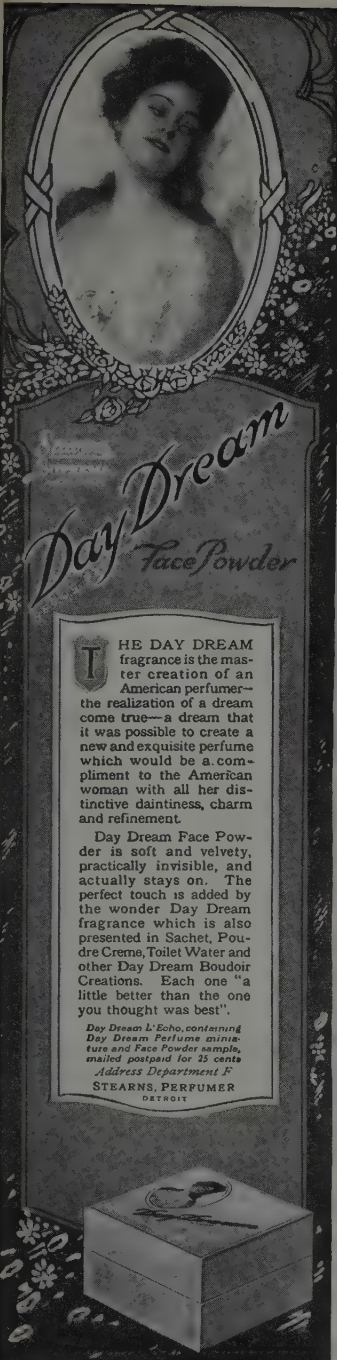
The dialogue at times is very witty and all the acting is capable. Gabrielle Ravine, trained in the French school, who Broadway will remember as the mother in "Pierrot the Prodigal," scored a hit as Zellite, the French woman.

BIJOU. "HIS HONOR, ABE POTASH." Comedy in three acts by Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman. Produced Oct. 14, with this cast:

Rosie Potash	Mathilde Cottrelly
Irma Potash	Lucille English
Abe Potash	Barney Bernard
Henry Gooding	George Barnum
Harry Potash	Ted W. Gibson
Robert Stafford	Robert Cummings
George Block	James Spottswood
Crawford	Bertram Miller
Rothwell	Stanley Jessup
Evans	Frank J. Kirke
Mr. Brady	Harold Vosburgh
Riggs	Kalman Matus
Detective Baker	William Vaughn
Henry Block	Edwin Mordant

OUR funny friend Abe Potash has served the stage so well and so long as one of the most popular exponents of Jewish humor that one would naturally think he might be permitted to gracefully retire with a competency and make room for something new. Not so. As long as the goose consents to go on laying golden eggs, friend manager purposes to get all he can while the canning is good.

However, there is a legitimate excuse this time for Abe's perennial resurrection, for the present, piece, concocted by the creator of Potash with the connivance of Jules Eckert Goodman, serves to promote to stellar honors one of the best dialect comedians of our day—Barney Bernard. The play itself is bunkum. A chain of stage tricks so old that the rusty links fairly creak, but it serves its purpose as showing what Barney can do. His opportunity has come as did Warfield's, and before long some playwright will provide him with a vehicle more worthy of his unquestionable powers.




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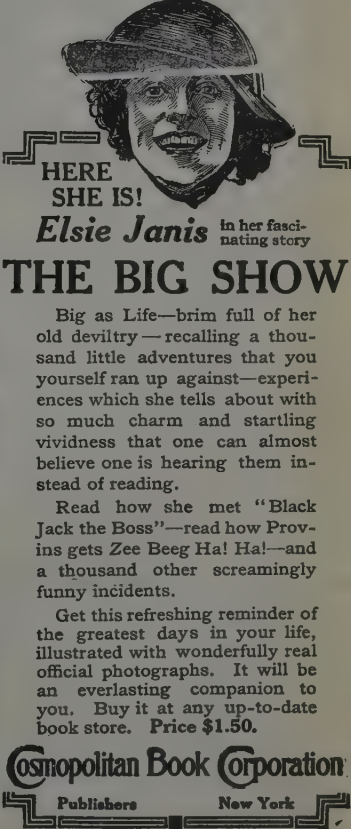
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QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

Q. Please give a sketch of Helen Hayes' life.

A. Lew Fields discovered Helen Hayes. She was then a child, the star pupil of a dancing class in Washington. Mr. Fields saw her at an amateur entertainment at the Belasco Theatre. He offered her, through her mother, an engagement with him in "Old Dutch." She was later seen in "Summer Widowers" and "The Never Homes." Charles Frohman engaged her for the child part in "The Prodigal Husband," in support of John Drew. Next she headed a "Pollyanna" company that toured the Pacific Coast. Last season she created a sensation as the artist's might-have-been daughter in "Dear Brutus" and now she is duplicating her success as Cora in "Clarence."

Q. Have you any pictures of the costumes used in "Prunella?"

A. A full page of scenes from "Prunella" appeared in our December, 1913 issue. These should give you a good idea of the different costumes worn in the piece.

Q. I should like to have a copy of Kirchner's poster "Temptation" which you published in the September issue. Where can I obtain one?

A. For information concerning this picture, write to Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., 214 West 42nd Street, New York City. He owns the rights to all the Kirchner pictures.

Q. Please give me a short account of Ruth Shepley's career. 2. In what play did she appear prior to "Adam and Eva?"

A. Ruth Shepley was born in Providence, R. I. Attracted to the stage at an early age, she was, however, sent abroad for a liberal education. She studied art, literature and music in Paris for three years.

On her return to this country, she joined Douglas Fairbanks Company and remained with this popular star for three years, playing leading rôles opposite him. In "It Pays to Advertise," she scored a big hit. Her next appearance was in "The Boomerang," and now she is playing Eva in "Adam and Eva" at the Longacre.

Q. Please give me the casts of the following plays as they were produced in New York: Otis Skinner in "The Merchant of Venice," about 1890; Olga Nethersole in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," about 1900.

A. The cast of "The Merchant of Venice" as presented at the Broadway Theatre, October 28, 1899 was as follows: Shylock, Edwin Booth; Portia, Mme. Modjeska; Bassanio, Otis Skinner; Gratiano, Charles Hanford; Antonio, Frederick Vroom; Lorenzo, Willis Granger; Salanio, Herbert H. Pattee; Salarino, Charles Koehler; Duke of Venice, James Taylor; Salario, Rankin Duvall; Tubal, Beaumont Smith; Old Gobbo, Owen S. Fawcett; Balthazar, Edward Vroom; Stephano, Oliver Fiske; Leonaro, W. R. S. Morris; Nerissa, Annie E. Proctor; Jessica, Maida Craigen.

2. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was presented at Wallack's, January 16, 1899 with this cast: Sir George Orreyd, W. Graham Browne; Captain Hugh Ardale, Hamilton Revelle; Aubrey Tanqueray, T. B. Thalberg; Cayley Drummle, A. S. Homewood; Frank Misquith, Leonard Outram; Gordan Jayne, Fred Thorne; Morse, Charles Wellesley; Lady Orreyd, Lillian Kingston; Mrs. Cortelyou, Miss Emmerson; Ellean, Madge McIntosh; Paula, Olga Nethersole.

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(Continued from page 439)

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